THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1821. DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1865.

Price $2.00 A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Issued, [illegible]. Single Number 5 Cents.

LILA'S DREAM.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD.

Visions and day dreams round your spirit linger—
I've watched their shadows flit across your face,
And almost fancied that an angel's finger
Had deigned upon your fair young brow to trace
What is unwritten of your future story,
Revealing what long years may have in store
Until the crown of God's eternal glory,
Awaits your coming on that other shore.

To-night a seer at your altar kneeling
I read your future, as from off a scroll;
Upon me falls a strange, prophetic feeling,
Before me stands revealed your secret soul.
The censer's lighted—see, the incense rises,
It half enshrouds me in its fragrant mist,
The mystic power the untaught world despises,
Comes with a potence I cannot resist.

Fear nothing! By no heathen incantation
Would I presume your maiden heart to scan;
By other paths *I* seek interpretation
To much that's hidden from the gaze of man.
And now, clairvoyant, I will send my spirit
To speak to yours as soul *may* speak to soul,
'Twill bear my message, though you cannot hear it,
Save by that *inner* sense that I control.

My heart's the censer, and there burns the incense,
Of friendship, with a pure unsullied flame
Enfolding you within its cloudy fragrance,
And rendering sacred to the seer, your name.
Come, closer, Lila, let us talk together
Of all your fancies, and of all you dream.
The spring of truth, believe me, flows forever,
Come let us sit beside the crystal stream.

Straight from the Throne God sits upon it floweth
Onward, still onward to the Eternal Sea,
The wind of falsehood howsoe'er it bloweth,
Checks not its current, rolling ceaselessly.
Let us pause here. These low depending branches
Of whispering trees form a sweet canopy,
And while my soul into the future glances,
No fitter bower could shelter you and me.

Sit by my side, while I describe the vision
That I now see and you have seen ere this
E'en as of yore, views of the life Elysian
Lighted the pure soul of the Pythoness,
I see a cottage where clematis twining
And clinging ivy drapes the sylvan wall,
A little Paradise sweetly enshrining
One whose loved presence gives a charm to all.

It is no home where vulgar ostentation
Is newly gilt with fortune late acquired
Knowing no other family tradition,
Than *Pater* into indolence retired.
Let us pass in—Ease and refinement meet us;
Ther's books and pictures scattered everywhere,
The cosy furniture that seems to greet us,
A simple elegance pervades the air.

Draw the lace curtains. There before us, glowing
In the soft haze of Indian Summer's sun,
Are choicest florals, all luxuriant growing;
I scent their fragrance—hear the bees low hum.
A vine clad trellis with its hanging clusters
Of grapes, whose hearts blood forms the ruby wine,
Their purple tints acquire a bacchant lustre
In the soft brightness of the days decline.

Listen a moment! Hear the fountain's warble,
And see the bright jets crystal in the air,
Embowered in roses stands the dewy marble,
A fairy's grotto might be hidden there.
Evening draws nearer. The tall elms are throwing
Their rippling shadows over lawn and walk;
The cooling breeze is gently, softly blowing;
The swallows twitter their incessant talk.

Up the road path, a noble form advances;
Truth's on his forehead, honor in his eyes,
Ah! yes, he throws impatient, earnest glances
Around this Eden till his Eve he spies,
A white robe flutters, and a light form hastens
To meet the lover who is husband too.
Who is the angel of this little Heaven?
I see her face, and Lila, it is you.

☞ A simple fellow once said of a famous beauty, "I could have courted and married her, easy enough, if I'd wanted to." "And, pray, why didn't you?" asked his friend. "Oh, when I began to spark her, you see, she took me on one side and politely asked to be excused, and so I excused her."

☞ The richest child in Europe—Roth's-child.

☞ DEFINITION OF THE "HAPPY MEAN."—A joyful miser.

EVE ISLE:

OR,

THE CALYPSO'S LAST VOYAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM DINGLEBY'S DIPLOMACY," &C.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVI.

"Now I've got to talk fast, and it wont do to holler nuther," began Mr. Coonrod in an emphatic whisper as soon they were ensconced within the state-room; so if you don't mind movin' your cheer up pretty clus' to mine, it'll be so much the handier, that's all."

Gertrude complied with this oddly worded request without objection, and the mate proceeded.

"I guess you'll feel consid'able more to hum' with me when I tell ye that I knew Jennie Graham from the time she was a little three year old, till that cussed devil broke her heart."

His companion scarcely refrained from an exclamation of surprise that might have betrayed them to the always alert ears of Ralph Gale, but she checked herself and Mr. Coonrod went on.

"Ye see, miss, I took to salt water ruther young, when I was a matter of ten year old or so, and follered it up till I was five-and-twenty or thereabouts, in fact till I was sorter tired of it, so I got spliced, turned land lubber and went to work for Jennie Graham's father. He was a big shippin' merchant, and I'd been sailin' in his employ pretty much all the time sence I started, and he give me a berth as sort o' man of all work round his place, and I stuck to it nigh a dozen year. He was consid'able of an old man when Jennie was born, and he sot a wonderful deal o' store by her, and he used to have her round to the countin' room 'bout every day. After she got big enough to toddle, and as a general thing I used to have to go and take her hum' 'cause he was afeared to trust her alone with the mess gall. In that way Jennie come to think consid'able of me, and I couldn't have loved a little gal of my own better'n I did her, and I guess my old woman felt about the same way.

"Well ye see, after I'd been with her father about twelve year the fit took me to go sailin' again, and off I went. She always used to come and make Sarah Ann and I a visit when I got hum' from a v'yage, and I always had some little notion for her that I'd picked up in furrin parts, but at last I got back from a longer cruise than common, and the old woman told me how that cussed Ralph Gale had deceived my pet and she was dead. If there'd been a flat-iron on my heart it couldn't been no heavier, and I swore a solemn oath that I'd hang Ralph Gale for that, sure's God let me live. I kep a desput sharp lookout for the critter, but it turned out that I never was in port when he was till this v'yage.

"He was here when I came in, and I happened to hear in the course of a day or two what kind of cruise he was bound for. It popped into my head quick as lightnin' what he was up to. I was as sartin as though I had a affidavy of it that he never meant his cousin should come back. Thinks I, I guess here's about your chance. So I went round to the boardin' house where I knew some of his fellers stopped, and I was jest in the nick of time, for his fust mate went off with delirium tremens that very night, and I shipped in his place next mornin'.

"Ralph Gale is a middlin' smart man as a general thing, but he showed himself a dreadful poor judge of human natur when he took me for as big a villain as himself, and jest up and told me all his plans about Mr. Illdreth and you, but it come mighty handy that he did, for ye see after that if I couldn't get evidence enough to hang him accordin' to law, I'd made up my mind that there wouldn't be anythin' out o' the way in chokin' his varmint life out of him myself, so now ye see, miss, why I'm aboard this vessel."

"Thank God there is *one* honest man here besides my poor father!" Gertrude said, fervently; "but after all what can we do? How are we to escape? He boasts that his men will do his bidding to any extremity."

"There's nothin' surer'n that, and I s'pose we must fall back on strategy, for it's sartin I can't lick this hull crew in a fair stand-up fight, though take 'em one 't's time I guess I could manage it. In the fust place you must kind o' make the capting think you're givin' way a leetle and may work round on the right tack after a while. You see he's bound for Panama as he told you, but we mustn't get there—you know why. You must be got out of the reach of his claws before he leaves the vessel if it can be done, and most things can be if one sets to work resolute and keeps cool."

"I confess the prospect looks almost hopeless to me," Gertrude said, sadly.

"Wait a bit. Don't be too sure of that. Before I come here to-night I druv a nail into the binnacle, and it's made such work with the needle that we're headin' a deal nigher for Valparaiso than anywhere else. He'll be apt to leave the management of the brig pretty much to me, knowin' I'm prime navigator now that he's got so much deviltry in his head, and I'll either run her ashore or lay her long side Uncle Sam's man-o'-war in Valparaiso harbor, or nigh enough to her so't I can make a signal that won't be noticed here, but it'll be understood by more'n one on board that craft. I paid her a visit when we was in port."

"I do not understand you."

"It ant really necessary that you should, but if we get in sight of Uncle Sam's vessel I tell you the race of Capting Gale will be dreadful short."

"I hope it will indeed be as you say," Gertrude answered, "but so much depends upon the success of your plans whatever they are that I shudder to think of it."

"That's perfectly nateral, but keep up your courage and say nothin', I'll let your pa know what's up, though come to think on't that wouldn't be best yet. He couldn't do nothin' now, and if the capting should see from his actions that he was posted he'd pitch him overboard as he would a mouldy biscuit. When the time comes I'll tell him, and till it does mind and keep on a good face before him, but it is nigh eight bells and I must get back."

"There is one thing I wish to say to you before you go," Gertrude said, trembling, but speaking very earnestly, "and I want you to be sure that you understand me and promise you will do what I am going to ask."

"You can ask anything you want to of Deuteronomy Coonrod of Islip Bay, and he'll understand and do it," the mate answered resolutely, as he laid his great hand on her bright shining hair.

"It is this, then. Please listen and be sure you believe I speak seriously. I am not afraid to die, oh! no! no! no! but I dare not take my own life. You heard the horrible threat Capt. Gale made this evening. Will you promise remembering all the time your mother, your wife, your daughter, if you have one, to save me from *one fate*?"

"I understand you," he said, solemnly, "and here in the presence of God I promise that when I cant do no more for you, when every spark of hope has clean died out, I'll put my knife to your heart without one minute's hesitation, and sink your body in the ocean out of the reach of these human hyenas."

Gertrude took the hard toil-stained hand in hers and pressed it fervently to her lips.

"Thank you," she said, "I am satisfied."

"Lord bless ye, Miss, don't thank me. Do ye s'pose I'd do less'n than that for any woman?" the mate replied, and then as if afraid to trust himself further, he cautiously opened the state-room door, and finding the cabin empty stole out, and a moment or two after Gertrude saw him sauntering carelessly past her window, humming a nautical ditty, as though nothing had happened.

Very soon the ship's bell sounded the hour of midnight. The sound of the last stroke had scarcely died away, when she heard his rough voice hailing the larboard watch.

"Hello! Coonrod, are you up?" said a voice that Gertrude recognized as Ralph Gale's. "I thought you were under the weather, and so turned out to stand watch for you."

"I ant raly in sailin' trim, but I guess I'm as well here as below. We've made a good offing, but the wind's lightish and acts as though it might be lighter."

"It would be just my luck to have it fall calm," Ralph continued, with an oath, as he threw his eye around the horizon and walked forward. Passing the galley, he stumbled over the protruding feet of Dr. Small, whose gigantic proportions could only find sleeping accommodations within his narrow dormitory by thrusting his lower limbs through the doorway, and fell heavily to the deck.

Springing to his feet, with a frightful imprecation, Ralph seized a capstan bar, and brought it down upon the head of the unfortunate negro, who had only been partially aroused from his slumbers by the mishap, with a force that would have crushed the skull of a white man, and which left *him* stunned and senseless.

"Damn the black scoundrel. I'll learn him to take up the whole deck with his cursed feet, so that one cant get forward without tumbling over them!" he said fiercely, as he threw the bar aside and turned back toward his state-room to bathe his forehead, which had sustained a severe contusion, while Mr. Coonrod dragged the senseless steward into the waist and dashed water in his face until he restored him to consciousness.

Gertrude had heard all that transpired, with what feelings may be imagined, and after seeing Ralph re-pass the trunk cabin toward his state-room, which he generally entered by the after companion way, she threw open her window, and looking out saw the negro lying upon the deck, his face bruised and bleeding, and the mate standing over him. Pity for the moment banished all fear for herself, and gliding out, she proffered her assistance in binding up the wounds of the injured man, a proceeding which had advanced her materially in the good opinion of her new friend, upon whose fertility and courage so much depended.

"Bless yer good heart, young missus," said the poor negro faintly, when he became conscious who was administering to him. "Small wont forget you, or him either, an I'll settle that 'count with Cap'm Gale 'fore I die. See if I don't."

CHAPTER XVII.

The ensuing week brought no event of any particular importance. The wind, agreeable to Mr. Coonrod's prediction, had become lighter, and although not actually becalmed for two or three days, the brigantine had made but little headway, scarcely accomplishing in all much more than a good twenty-four hours' run.

Ralph chafed and fretted over the delay, but as it was something for which even his ingenuity could devise no remedy, he was compelled to submit, and found a temporary relief for his vexation in such deep potations as were followed by drunken slumber. He was by no means accustomed to excesses of this kind; on the contrary, his habits had always been singularly temperate, consequently his crew were a good deal astonished at his inebriety; and Mr. Fay, whose suspicions he still continued to lull, once or twice attempted to remonstrate with him upon his course. But both Gertrude and Mr. Coonrod had good reason to rejoice that he was doing as he did—the former because it rendered the espionage he maintained over her less stringent—the latter because it made it less likely that the Captain should discover the trick he had played with the compass, and more probable that the navigation of the vessel would be left almost, if not entirely, to his management.

Neither by word or look did the Long Islander evince that he had any interest beyond those connected with his professional routine. With Mr. Fay he chatted now and then when that gentleman made his appearance on deck, as he had been accustomed to do, but of Gertrude he took no notice whatever, when other eyes were upon them, though he found an occasional opportunity to exchange a few words with her at her door at night, to assure her that he was on the alert, and that there was no new reason to question the ultimate success of their plans.

For a day or two Ralph Gale had watched his intended victim narrowly, and it was well for her that she had resolved to keep her own counsel agreeable to his mandate. Had she attempted to acquaint her father with her true situation, his keen scrutiny would have at once detected it, and her doom would have been sealed, but satisfied at last, that Mr. Fay had really received no intimation of the terrible fate impending over his child, he began to flatter himself that he had fairly frightened her into silence, and that time would overcome the repugnance she felt towards him, or at least lead her to accept the only alternative that would preserve her honor. Thus deluded, he forbore from unnecessarily arousing her anger by forcing himself upon her society, leaving her almost entirely to herself, and greeting her when they did meet by chance with the same polite attention he had previously shown her.

Deep, self-possessed and far-seeing, Ralph Gale certainly was, but a deeper and cooler man, and one too who had appointed himself the avenger of outraged innocence was on his track, and warily frustrating all his plans; and while he rested in fancied security with all that he had sinned so deeply to obtain apparently within his grasp, the storm was gathering which was destined to sweep away the quicksand foundation upon which he had vaingloriously built.

On the morning of the seventh day, the wind came on to blow fresh, and the Calypso began to dance over the water again with her accustomed graceful celerity. The next, and still the next, found the weather no less favorable, and by that time Ralph had quite regained his good nature, and became correspondingly sociable with his mate and Mr. Fay. The last named gentleman he now saw fit to cajole with the story, that during the continuance of the light variable winds, they had drifted widely from their course, and that he was now striving to regain the island as rapidly as possible.

"If Illdreth is of a nervous temperament, he has experienced some uncomfortable apprehensions before this time," Mr. Fay had replied to this very plausible story, "and ere he sees us again, he will be rather apt to feel as though he had taken a long lease of his island."

"Never fear for him," Ralph said, "he's just the fellow to enjoy an adventure of this sort. It will give him something to talk about at his club, for the next ten years. Just imagine him standing with his back to the fire, surrounded by a lot of his dandified acquaintances, who would wilt like steamed cabbage leaves if they were caught in a summer shower! complacently relating how he was left for days on a little desert island in the South Pacific. It will make a regular lion of him; and all the sentimental young ladies in the city will be importuning him for his autograph!"

It was the evening of the eighteenth day, when the ship's company with perhaps the single exception of Mr. Coonrod, who had a tolerably correct index of their whereabouts, both by observation and dead reckoning were astonished by the cry of "land ahead!"

Ralph, and indeed every one else, was on deck in an instant.

"What the devil is this?" he said, with a glance of suspicion at the mate. "We havn't made half the run to—," he stopped, for he observed *Mr. Fay* within dangerous proximity, "I mean, ahem! this isn't Wayne's island, if I remember anything of the general features of the place."

"It ain't that, sartin," Mr. Coonrod responded, composedly levelling his night glass. "It looks to me a deal more like the coast of South America, south of the line."

"The deuce it does! Will you be good enough to tell me what we are doing on that part of the coast of South America?"

"That's just what I don't understand myself, captain, but—"

"Who does understand it then?" Ralph thundered, becoming more and more suspicious, while Gertrude, who began to understand the situation of things, stood listening with abated breath, lest the fraud her friend had practised should be discovered, and he in consequence rendered powerless to aid her.

"Wall," continued Mr. Coonrod, not in the least disconcerted, "I calc'late I orter know something 'bout the matter, seein' as how I've been navigatin' the brig lately; but I've either made some cussed blunder in my reckonin', or the compass ain't no better'n a wooden one. We've sartinly been sailin' on the same course you give me."

Ralph strode toward the binnacle, but the Long Islander was there before him.

"I thought as much," he said; "some fool has been and druv a nail in here so near that it influences the needle. Now I'd raly like to know who done it."

"So would I," Ralph said, "I think I'd learn him a lesson he'd remember; but whoever it was, thank fortune! the mischief is discovered before we went ashore like a stranded whale. See that the iron is removed, Mr. Coonrod, and put the vessel on her course."

"Aye, aye, sir; but let me have a word with you, captain."

"Well, what is it?" Ralph said, moving to one side.

"Only this—seein' we've made this landfall, I've an idea we might's well stand in; and if we can light upon a good anchorge, we'd better send a boat ashore and fill a cask or two with fresh water. We don't want to make much of a stop at Panama, you know; and if we happen to fall in with the English steamer you might get off to her, and save the rest o' going there at all."

"I thought sufficient water and provision was laid in at Valparaiso for the cruise."

"And so there were, captain, but the old harry has been to play; I was down in the hold this mornin', and half the casks have sprung aleak, and are as empty as drums."

"Well this is pretty work! I imagine in future I had better attend to things a little closer myself. You fellows will lose the ship overboard yet."

"I hope you don't think I ha'nt done my best," pursued the mate, with every appearance of candor.

"No, of course not," Ralph answered, little dreaming that the casks had sprung aleak, for the very good reason that Mr. Coonrod had taken the precaution to start the bungs, "I did not mean to intimate that it was anything but an accident, and as there is a good deal of sense in your suggestion, we might as well act upon it. Take another look through your glass, and see if you can discover any indication of a stream."

The mate adjusted the glass to his eye, and after gazing intently for a few moments, handed it to his superior.

"We're in luck for once, anyhow," he said; "we're headin straight for as pretty a little creek as you ever laid your eyes on."

"All right, then. Put a man into the chains with the lead, and don't run in too close."

So saying, Ralph turned away, and taking Mr. Fay's arm, drew him into the cabin, and ordered a bottle of wine, with a vague notion in his head that their near approach to land might suggest to Gertrude the possibility of escape, but as she must first have an explanation with her father, which she would scarcely dare attempt in his presence, he deemed it safest to keep him under his own eye.

Such a possibility had occurred to Gertrude, but never doubting but that if feasible, it would not be overlooked by her shrewd coadjutor, she made no attempt to communicate with him, but quietly made preparations for departure, should that fortunately become practicable.

In the course of an hour the Calypso had approached the shore as near as it was safe to venture, and dropped her anchor. Mr. Coonrod then proceeded to examine the coast carefully, and soon satisfied himself that he was a little to the north of the port for which he was steering. The shore was wooded, not so densely, however, as is usually the case in South American forests, but there were no indications of dwellings in sight, and the prospect was one of isolated solitude. The brigantine was anchored across the entrance of a deep inlet into which the stream before referred to emptied—high rocks towered into the air before them, broken and seamed with wide fissures, and on the whole it was as lonely a nook as any Ishmael of the seas might desire.

It was quite dark, for the moon had not yet arisen when the brigantine was secured for the night, with sufficient cable out to enable her to ride easily, and Mr. Coonrod was beginning to consider whether it would be possible, during the hours of darkness, to launch a boat without

[illegible] the knowledge of [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] and the tall [illegible] ... [illegible] falling.

None of the crew had yet noticed the weather symptoms that had attracted his attention, and were already scattered about on deck, asleep, with the exception of the anchor watch, who looked as though he would like to follow the example of his companions. He peeped into the cabin—both Ralph and Mr. Fay were in high spirits, which was readily accounted for by the empty wine bottles before them, and were evidently bent on making a night of it.

Mr. Coonrod's resolution was quietly taken. A tempest was brooding, and he alone of the ship's company was as yet aware of it, and the probabilities were that if he relieved the lookout in his vigil, the menacing danger would remain undiscovered until too late, and he might find an opportunity to slip the cable unperceived, let the brig drift ashore, and take his chances in the confusion that would naturally ensue such a catastrophe to escape with Gertrude, and, if possible, her father, to the forest.

"It's pesky dangerous," muttered Mr. Coonrod to himself, "and tant no ways sailor-like, for a feller to let his craft go ashore, specially a purpose, but consarn Ralph Gale and his hull crew! they're bound on mischief, and I guess I'll be duin' the world considerable of a good turn to stop their operations at about this p'int. Every mother's son of 'em deserves hangin', and if a few on 'em drowned by accident to-night, it'll probably save the public the expense o' duin' on't."

Having thus relieved himself, he approached the lookout. "You look dreadful sleepy, Simpson," he said, "Jumble down there, if you want to. I'm goin' to smoke my pipe, and I'd just as lief keep watch an hour or two as not."

The man required no second bidding, and in a few moments was snoring beside his comrades.

The mate's principal fear now was, that before retiring for the night, Ralph would come on deck, where, unless absolutely intoxicated, he would immediately detect the prognostications of the approaching storm, in which event it would tax even his Yankee cunning to invent a satisfactory excuse for not communicating the state of things to his commander, but that risk had to be run, and he philosophically reflected that if worst came to worst, he could at least square his accounts with Ralph Gale, by lodging a pistol ball in his brain, and then take to the water with Gertrude before the tumult that such an act would occasion among the crew should subside sufficiently to enable them to oppose their flight, so he lighted his pipe, leaned back against the bulwarks, and prepared to enjoy himself.

An hour went by, and by that time the sky was a good deal overcast. Still except to a practiced observer, there was nothing particularly alarming in the appearance of the heavens, and the mate having knocked the ashes from his third pipe, and satisfied himself by another glance around that he was not likely to be disappointed in his calculations, so far at least as the tempest was concerned, deemed it about time to communicate with his protege.

Moving cautiously over the deck, he tapped lightly at her window. She was awake and waiting, and opened it without delay.

"Only a word with ye, Miss," he whispered. "I'm goin' to try to get you out o' this bloody vessel to-night. You'll want what courage you can muster—for the rest trust to me. When you hear the Capting go to his stateroom, come on deck 'bout as cat-like as you can, and we'll see what can be done. That's all now. Shet your winder and keep still."

He sauntered on, peeped into the cabin again, saw that Mr. Fay had fallen asleep in his chair, and Ralph was just in the act of draining what remained of a bottle of wine into a goblet. He watched him, as he raised it to his lips and swallowed the contents at a draught; saw him arise and stumble towards the companion way.

The very crisis that the mate had most dreaded was approaching; habit was too strong in Ralph to permit him even in that semi-inebriated state to retire without first seeing for himself that the brigantine was properly secured for the night, and he was now making his way to the deck for this purpose.

A less self-possessed man than Mr. Coonrod would have found himself uncomfortably nervous at this point, but if he felt any uneasiness, he betrayed it by neither look or action, but with a face expressive of the most perfect unconcern he took up a lounging attitude against the bulwarks, and composedly awaited his commander's appearance.

He had not long to wait. In another moment Ralph had appeared above the companion way.

"Hallo! who told everybody to turn in and leave the ship to take care of herself?" he said, in a voice almost inarticulate, and evidently maintaining his perpendicular with some difficulty.

"I'm takin' a pull at the anchor watch for an hour or two," the mate answered, carelessly. "The boys was sleepy, so I thought I'd let 'em have a nap, seein' it want more'n one smart man's business to look out."

"Oh! is that you, Coonrod? All right, then. I'm glad somebody's awake. Seems to me it looks devilish squally, don't it?"

"A leetle that way, sir; but I guess t'ant goin' to be nothin' to speak on."

"Don't know about it. It looks awful black hereabouts; however, you can give me a call if things change for the worse. Good night."

Ralph turned round and made his way with uncertain steps to his state-room, leaving his first officer feeling a good deal like a criminal, notwithstanding the circumstances that necessitated his otherwise unpardonable conduct; and Gertrude, after waiting for a few moments to assure herself that the Captain had really retired, left the cabin and was soon standing on the silent deck.

Two or three seamen were stretched at length upon the forecastle, evidently asleep, but save these and the motionless figure of Mr. Coonrod, who was still standing as Ralph left him, the deck was deserted and every thing was as quiet as the grave.

The sombre sky, with its rapidly drifting clouds, struck her as unusual; but she had little time to consider what it portended, for with a gesture which implied extreme caution the mate approached her, and in a few whispered sentences made her acquainted with the substance of his plan. Bold and desperate as it was she did not falter.

"I am ready to do your bidding," she said, [illegible] the time [illegible] to acquaint [illegible] with our [illegible].

"Why, yes, there's no [illegible] ... [illegible] explanation."

"What do [illegible] happened?"

"Nothin' that would be [illegible] alarmin' in or'nary times, but ye see him and the Capting have been emptyin' more wine bottles than any two fellers could expect to and keep sober, and just now Mr. Fay is uncommon sound asleep."

"In mercy's name, what's to be done? How could you let him fall into such a snare at a moment like this?"

"In the fust place, Miss, I couldn't help it: and, secondly, it was a plaguy sight more important that the Capting should get a little by the head than it was that anybody else should keep the temperance pledge, but I aint goin' to leave him. He's got a claim on me, your pa has."

"A claim? What is it, pray?"

"Why, we both belong to a certain order that helps each other when they can as well as not, that's all."

"You mean the masonic fraternity," Gertrude said, feeling additional confidence in her new friend, "and I think now I can guess why you counted on such prompt assistance from our government vessel in Valparaiso harbor had we been so fortunate as to have reached there."

"You orter been born a Yankee, but now jest make yerself as comfortable as you can, while I see what I can do towards rousin' up the old gentleman. He can swim, can't he?"

"Yes, but isn't it possible to get a boat?"

"Not without gettin' catched to pay for it," Mr. Coonrod said, as he turned toward the companion way and disappeared.

Gertrude leaned over the starboard railing, and quickly her mind wandered back over the scenes of the last few weeks, so fraught with events of momentous interest. Ten minutes passed, and she started from her revery, with a sense of some near impending danger. Startled, though at what it would have been difficult to say, she looked around her. There was certainly a change in the appearance of the sky and ocean. The little breath of air which had been playing through the rigging had died away, yet the brigantine was beginning to roll heavily. The surface of the sea was undisturbed, except by the customary ground swell, but it was covered with gigantic floating bubbles, and strangely agitated, while the horizon seemed to have contracted its circuit into a few hundred yards, and the black clouds to be floating scarce a hundred feet above the water.

Gertrude felt that something fearful was at hand; but fascinated with this awful transformation in the very face of nature, she stood watching, incapable of either speech or motion.

Presently a dull, monotonous murmur, like the distant voice of a mighty cataract, fell upon her ear. Nearer it came, increasing in grandeur and volume, until the whole firmament seemed to tremble with the mighty reverberation. Into still more narrow limits the horizon appeared to contract, while the storm clouds, with accelerated motion, chased each other in mad fury around the sable amphitheatre; then a few drops of rain, individual and heavy, fell with a sounding plash, then with a roar so deep and awful that it might have been the death groan of nature, the tempest burst upon the fated craft.

Simultaneously the heavens were lit up with one broad zig-zag flash, which seemed to span the sky from east to west; then there was a strong sulphurous odor, as a ball of dusky fire appeared to tremble for the fragment of an instant upon the main truck, and then rush downward. The deck was rent and riven as by an earthquake; the slumberers on the forecastle did not move, but a dark line extending over their smouldering faces pointed out the track of the subtle agent; the brigantine staggered as would a strong man from the blow of a hammer; the ponderous iron cable fused like lead in a heated crucible, and thus released from her moorings, she fell off, and broadside to was drifting towards the rock-bound coast, barely distinguishable through the driving spray.

Almost paralyzed with terror, but nevertheless actuated by a vague idea of escape, Gertrude sprang to the wheel. In the momentary glance that she threw around her, she saw the mate emerging from the companion way, half supporting her father, and close behind them Ralph Gale, apparently sobered, with a face horrible from its frightful pallor, and look of baffled rage. She had another passing glimpse of a dark, gigantic figure towering at a little distance, holding in one hand a capstan bar, while it waved the other above its head, as if in exultation at the impending ruin; then exerting all her strength, she gave the wheel one revolution. Providence must have guided her hand; the brig obeyed the helm, and once more headed for the inlet, but at that instant a stream of fire rushed upward from the riven deck, and wound up the tall, wavering spars, like a mighty fiery serpent. Sails and cordage were soon wrapped in a grand pyrotechnic, while the brig rushed madly on towards where the sea lashed itself into fury upon the reefs of coral. On, on it sped to inevitable destruction. The reef was just beneath the bows, when a wave, seeming to possess the concentrated strength of the ocean, lifted her high in the air, held her there for an instant, half suspended, then dashed her down with a force that no handiwork of man ever resisted, and the Calypso, which had gallantly weathered so many storms, was cleft in twain and floated a hopeless wreck in the boiling surf.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Wayne Illdreth paid no heed to his companion's prompt and comprehensive response to his own involuntary question, but stood for some time as if bewildered, looking at the receding vessel with a crowd of strange and painful emotions sweeping through his mind.

He could easily recall now the thousand suspicious incidents and circumstances of the voyage, and when it was too late to avert the catastrophe, could see that he had been the victim of a cunningly devised scheme to defraud him of his inheritance. He remembered the terms of Hugh Illdreth's will, giving to Ralph Gale his immense wealth should he outlive his cousin, an event the testator had evidently deemed exceedingly improbable, from his knowledge of the dissipated, reckless life of the one, and the comparatively exemplary character of the other, and now with bitter feelings of self-reproach he perceived that his own misplaced confidence in Captain Gale's integrity, had offered a premium for faithlessness that a better man might have found it difficult to resist.

He recalled the warning of Eve Isle, so often and [illegible] ... [illegible] voyage his [illegible] that he would only have himself to blame, if disaster should come, as if he had been striving, (so unquestionably he had) [illegible] the upbraidings of conscience [illegible] men who premeditate [illegible] to bring to their aid. The [illegible] crew [illegible] were [illegible] might [illegible] his talents for [illegible] controlling [illegible] subordinate [illegible] that [illegible] might be at [illegible] perhaps without [illegible] the requisite [illegible] of a desperate master who had shown that he would stop at nothing in the pursuit of his purpose.

All this Wayne comprehended at a glance, and viewed retrospectively, it seemed as though ordinary penetration should have shown him his danger. The prospective glance was dark enough. He was a prisoner—for how long a period Providence only knew, and in any event his fortune seemed irrecoverably lost, for it required no prophet to foretell that his enemy had laid his plans with a forethought which was a surety against failure. Ralph would return to the States with the not improbable story that his patron had accidentally met his death at sea, and there would be enough to corroborate the statement should some incredulous individual like Solomon Wreath, feel inclined to question its accuracy, and consequently his claim to succeed to the estate would be acquiesced in, the fortune he had coveted be transferred to his custody, and both that and himself would soon be far beyond the reach of his victim, should Providence interfere to restore the wronged man to the world and his friends.

But sombre as was this picture, Wayne's rapid glance showed him a still darker one. There were two persons on board Ralph's vessel who could not be brought to take part in his unlawful designs. What fate awaited them? He shuddered, but reason answered the question in one pitiless instant—death was Mr. Fay's portion; something worse was reserved for the now defenceless Gertrude.

"Miserable, credulous fool that I was!" he groaned, "to suppose that Ralph Gale would permit me to return from this voyage, I had the infatuation to undertake in his company. I have been blind—wilfully blind; and now I must pay the penalty."

"You were indeed curiously short-sighted," said his companion, who had been observing him with unmoved composure. "His words, look and manner, while you were talking aloft, after I reported the island in sight, ought to have told you what was running in his head."

"It appears, however, that those very significant indications did not let you into the secret, Master St. Anna; or at least, here you are with me, at your own instance."

"They did not prevent me from accompanying you," the boy said indifferently, "but—"

"But you would have me believe you came fully apprehending the perils of the undertaking," Wayne said, impatiently, interrupting him. "Nonsense! that's beyond even my credulity; and I have shown that I have a talent for being imposed upon, but don't give me credit for more ability than I possess in that direction. I believe you are safer here than you would be in the power of that desperate villain, otherwise I should be sorry indeed that I did not adhere to my first resolution of coming alone; for I would not willingly involve you in the consequences of my folly."

"You are talking folly now," was St. Anna's pointed rejoinder. "There is water and provisions in that boat; spar and sails also; and a compass, and various other articles, which from the present appearance of things we may find useful. I put them there with no hint from any one. Now whether or not one would be apt to make such preparations for an hour's cruise, you know as well as I."

"Then if you suspected Ralph Gale of treachery, why didn't you warn me, instead of letting me walk into the trap with my eyes wide open, and drag you in after me?"

"You were never warned, then, that Ralph Gale was treacherous, and that you trusted him at your peril."

Wayne looked at the speaker for a moment with something of superstitious fear expressed in his face, and then replied,

"Yes, I have been so warned, more than once, by as true a friend as man ever had. Would to God I had paid more heed to her counsel, but that wish comes too late."

"Yes, rather late, and now while you were thinking only that you were at the end of your voyage, and what an exploration of this islet was to bring to light, suppose I had pulled your sleeve, and cautiously whispered in your ear, 'Mr. Illdreth, I suspect the captain intends to sail away and leave you to wander over that island to your heart's content for the rest of your life,' I might have done it, but I am strongly impressed with the notion that I should have got laughed at for my pains."

"I admit it is most likely you would, and you have made out a clear case for yourself, as the lawyers say, but what possessed you to cast your lot in with me under such extraordinary circumstances? By Jove! it passes the devotion of woman."

The boy colored and turned hastily away as if to hide his emotion, for which there scarcely seemed an adequate cause, but almost immediately came back and said carelessly,

"Perhaps it might have occurred to me as it did to you just now that I should be safer here on solid ground than on Captain Gale's ship."

"Why, of course it did, I was stupid not to understand that in the first place, and don't imagine I intended to intimate a moment ago that you were womanish—on the contrary, you are as plucky and resolute a fellow for your years as it was ever my fortune to meet, and right glad am I that the Fates have provided me with such a comrade."

"The Fates had very little to do with it," St. Anna said, with a curious heightening of color, "I joined you of my own accord, and not at the instigation of any jack-o'-lantern personages. But enough of this. You came here for a purpose which can be accomplished of, I suppose, though our chances are going away again are none of the brightest—furthermore we've a camping place to look out for, and night is drawing on apace."

It was indeed time to consider their preparation for passing the night, for the brief tropical twilight was almost upon them, and the moon being in its first quarter was already past the zenith, and would afford they knew but a feeble and brief glimmer.

St. Anna at once assumed the direction of things in which Mr. Illdreth passively acquiesced, with a vague feeling that the boy was the best qualified of [illegible] in [illegible] that was perfectly [illegible] very soon apparent. At his [illegible] the boat was drawn farther up upon the beach, quite beyond high water, and secured, then the provisions and [illegible] removed to a little distance [illegible] was quickly converted into a tent for the protection of themselves and [illegible] articles [illegible] would be likely to suffer injury from exposure to the dews of night, then fuel was collected and a fire kindled, and Master St. Anna, with as much nonchalance as though engaged upon a summer picnic, proceeded to make coffee and prepare supper, producing the requisite materials and utensils from the locker that Wayne began to think exhaustless in its resources.

A comfortable repast was soon in readiness, to which Mr. Illdreth, notwithstanding the anxiety he felt, and the unpropitious circumstances by which he was surrounded, sat down with that kind of enjoyment the great majority of men feel, in such a wild, unrestrained life where social laws and usage ceased to hold sway, leaving one at liberty to become the half savage into which it is such an exquisite pleasure to degenerate now and then.

As for St. Anna, he was quietly but most unmistakeably enjoying himself. Indeed so apparent was this, that after observing him for a while Wayne Illdreth said, suddenly,

"By Jove! I've just discovered the reason why you were so careful not to mention your suspicions of the trick Ralph Gale was up to."

The boy started and looked confused, but it was only for a moment.

"Well, what is it, since you have discovered the secret?" he said, quietly.

"Why, you're a regular young Robinson Crusoe by nature, and imagined by following in my wake you would have a choice opportunity of living the old Robinson Crusoe's history over again. Here you are, man Friday and all, the latter personage being admirably represented in my astute self."

"I am content you should put such constructions on my actions as will please you," St. Anna said, smiling. "I confess to a liking for a wild, solitary life, and believe I shall get along here very well."

"For how long?"

"As long as you are here to keep me company."

"You're a queer fellow; nevertheless, if I had had my pick, I don't believe I could have selected a comrade who would have suited me better. Your accomplishments seem to be of such a peculiar character that I am inclined to think you were educated with the express view of being left on a desert island, with a blockheaded New Yorker to look after; but how are we to dispose of ourselves for the night, my friend?"

"Make yourself as comfortable as may be under the tent. To expose yourself to the night air in the tropics might result in serious consequences, as you are not used to it; but I am, and shall swing up my hammock under the trees here, and so get my nap, and act as sentinel all at the same time. I am but a light sleeper, and the tread of a savage or a beast of prey would wake me instantly, though neither are to be found in this vicinity, I imagine."

"So I am to resign the post of danger to you, am I, my young Hercules?"

"You are to take the inside of the tent and leave me the outside," St. Anna said, banteringly, but with a tone and air of determination, nevertheless, that plainly indicated his intention of doing precisely as he said, and Mr. Illdreth, without quite understanding the motive that actuated him, reluctantly acquiesced.

Having carried his point, St. Anna brought his hammock from the boat and swung it in ship-shape, sailor fashion, between two contiguous trees, near to the tent and camp-fire, and with a cigar in his mouth and the double-barrelled fowling piece in his hand, threw himself into it, and for an hour or more lay there smoking and chatting with Mr. Illdreth, who was extended upon the ground at a little distance. At last St. Anna's articulation began to grow indistinct, and then his long, regular breathing told that he was in the land of dreams; whereupon his companion withdrew to the tent, where he, too, soon slept.

When Wayne Illdreth awoke next morning, breakfast was already prepared, and his self-appointed steward was composedly promenading up and down, puffing his cigar and watching the odoriferous steam that issued from his coffee kettle with an air of unalloyed satisfaction and enjoyment.

It occurred to Wayne as singular that this youth, who had taken passage with him for the ostensible purpose of joining an absent lady love to whom he professed to be devotedly attached, should view so nonchalantly such an abrupt overthrow of his prospects in that direction. Strange that in so short a time he should thus warmly attach himself to a man so much his senior, and who had certainly been at no especial trouble to cultivate his acquaintance, and stranger still that one of his years should have acquired such a fund of practical knowledge as would only seem to be in keeping with the character of an old sailor, or that he should thus voluntarily take upon himself the labor of looking after their joint housekeeping.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"THE DEAD MARCH."—Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, D. D., of Philadelphia, was at Fredericksburg soon after the battle of the Wilderness. Among several affecting incidents which he witnessed was the following: "There lay a man upon a stretcher, a strong, noble-looking man, but he was shot through the head. His eyes were closed; he knew no one; could answer to no voice; and yet he still breathed. I never shall forget how that massive chest heaved up and down. We watched him for hours, thinking every hour would be his last. All night he lay there motionless, save that heaving bosom. In the morning he was no better, but he began to move his feet. He seemed to be marching, and he marched till he died—tramp, tramp, tramp—died, but marching on!"

☞ An odd genius entered the saloon adjoining Ford's Theatre, where Booth took his last drink of brandy just before he murdered Mr. Lincoln, and inquired of the barkeeper, "Have you the same bottle on hand out of which Booth drank on the night of the assassination?" "Yes, sir." "And the same brandy in it?" "Yes, sir." "Can I have a drink of that same brandy out of that same bottle?" "Yes, sir." "Let's have it." The visitor tastes the brandy, makes a wry face, and continues: "And that's the same brandy that Booth drank?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I don't wonder that he killed the President. A drink of that brandy would make a man kill his grandmother!"

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1865.

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AMERICA.

America, brave, matchless, victorious land! If we were proud of her before the rebellion, what may we not feel for her now, in her great triumph? When the sun of prosperity shone upon her, and her children walked on their ways in love, honor and happiness, we cast our eyes abroad and saw foreign nations bent in homage before us. No matter if the envious tongue gave vent to bitter sneers sometimes, and criticised our ways sarcastically. It was but from the lips, while the heart beat strong with profound respect for a land on which God had smiled so benignantly.

After the lapse of half a century of peace and prosperity, unmarked by factions with their terrible results, the black cloud rolled up over the bright sky, and burst in storms upon us. Rebellious hosts arrayed themselves against us; and to make it worse, we must rise from our quiet firesides, arm ourselves with weapons of destruction, and go forth to meet and conquer those who had been as a part of our own household. That was the bitter cup we were forced to drink. A man could remorselessly strike down a stranger who sought his life; but when a brother assails him, he remembers the tender mother at whose bosom each was nurtured, and it becomes a hard task to strike, even in self-defence.

And yet, as time wore on, and no reason could influence the aggressors, we came to feel that we must cease to spare if we could hope for victory. To spare to-day was to slay thousands in a year among our best beloved. So we nerved ourselves to our great purpose, and swept the traitorous ranks from the soil. No longer is heard the roll of the drum, the shrill music of the fife—the measured tread of marching columns. It is quiet and peace again. We leave our homes at morn with fearless

dreading no evil tidings with our return at evening. From the thronged streets we miss only individual faces. The great human tide rolls on as full and strongly as before. What greater proof than this can we have of our power and mightiness? We have fought such battles as the histories of no other country can record, and while we stand forth to-day crowned with victory, the missing ones are only known by those who remain to mourn them. To the eyes of a stranger in our land, it is as if they had never existed.

Who shall say that we have not met and passed the crisis nobly? Who shall dare to say that life was not held cheap in comparison with our country's honor? Richer to-day for the noble blood her soil has received—purer for the tears of sorrowing ones which have fallen upon it—stronger for the principle of Right which has prevailed, sinking Wrong in the traitor's grave—we look upon America with eyes that sparkle with joy, and hearts that bow in reverence before God, thanking Him for the boon of peace—the matchless glory and beauty of a land that is *ours*—AMERICA!

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

This favorite of the ladies leads off in its August number with a beautiful steel engraving called "GRANDPA'S DARLING"—the face of the old man, with its deep, thoughtful eyes, strikes us as particularly fine. Among the figures of the colored Steel Fashion Plate, we note a Bridal Dress, very chaste and pretty. The other engravings of this number are, "The Children and the Rain-drops," "Jacket a Bandeaux (front and back view)," "Bonnets," "Gentleman's Shirt," "Grecian Waist with Braces (front and back view)," "Gimp Ornament," "Watteau Skirt Supporter," &c., &c. The Music for this number is the fine piece, "Rest, Noble Chieftain!" We give the

LIST OF CONTENTS FOR AUGUST.

STEEL PLATE.—Grandpa's Darling.
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
The Children and the Rain-drops—Jacket a badeaux, (back view.)—Emily.—Jacket a bandeaux, (front view.)—Bonnets.—Dress of Silk or Mohair.
MUSIC—Rest, Noble Chieftain.
WHAT I LOOKED FOR AND WHAT I SAW. By FRANCES LEE.
GHOSTLY GLYCINES. By ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.
WAITING. By MRS. M. F. TUCKER.
MY DILEMMA. By LESLIE WALTER.
IN THE HOSPITAL. By SARAH A. DYER
DARK FANCIES. By "F. E. F."
OH, BOUNDLESS, BEAUTIFUL SEA! By PHILA. H. CASE.
STORIES OF OUR VILLAGE. By BEATRICE COLONNA.
TO ——.
CALIFORNIA WOOING. By KATE HOWE.
SHADOWS. By EDWIN R. MARTIN.
THE RECTOR'S LOVE. By MRS. DENISON.
CULLACH. By MRS. M. RICHIE.
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OLD MELODIES.

BY MARY J. ALLEN.

"There are fragments of songs that nobody sings."—*B. F. Taylor.*

It was only a verse of a song that all of us used to know and sing a few years ago, though one never hears it now—Stephen C. Foster's "Old Folks at Home." What a favorite that song was in its day, and that day not so far back, either. Fathers and mothers sang it, young men, and maidens, and little children; the mechanic at his work, the mother at her baby's cradle. There were some who sneered at it as a Negro Melody, but in its simple, touching words and sadly sweet air, was a charm which the great heart of the people acknowledged, and they set the seal of their approval upon it. Sung in palace and cottage and fisherman's hut; in city and country, and by the sea, wherever the English language was spoken by Americans, this song, by America's most popular composer, went, too; and alas! like every thing else in this mutable world, it had its day and was forgotten.

And there was another that we all remember—the "Old Kentucky Home." To theatre goers the name will recall a scene in Uncle Tom's Cabin; an old man sitting with bowed head, singing of the home he should never see again. And looking at the bent figure, listening to the words so mournfully sweet, one realized what a *slave* may feel.

But these old songs, with many others like them, are among the things that were. Gone with the old days, never to return. Popular taste and feeling have undergone great changes, and this changed feeling finds expression in a new class of songs, beautiful, many of them, but lacking the charm of old association, and *that*, after all, is what so endeared those early favorites, touching them with that "Light that never was on sea or land," the light of memory.

GOODNESS.—Did it ever strike you that goodness is not merely a beautiful thing, but *the* beautiful thing—by far the most beautiful thing in the world? and that badness is not merely an ugly thing, but *the* ugliest thing in the world? So that nothing is to be compared for value with goodness; that riches, honor, power, pleasure, learning, the whole world and all in it, are not worth having in comparison with being good; and the utterly best thing for a man is to be good, even though he were never to be rewarded for it; and the utterly worst thing for a man is to be bad, even though he were never to be punished for it; and, in a word, goodness is the only thing worth loving, and badness the only thing worth hating.

☞ THE DESERT FOR A DWELLING-PLACE.—It is easy enough for a soured man to renounce society and go into the desert; the only difficulty is to dwell there.

☞ ETERNITY.—When we are alone, an hour past midnight, in the streets of a sleeping city, everything around us appears as if hewn in the adamant of eternity.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY COSMO.

Banda Oriental—Political Position—Government—Topographical Appearance—An Ostrich Hunt.

Entering Uruguay, or *Banda Oriental*, from the North, is much in a small way like going into Lower Egypt from the West through the Lybian Desert. In both instances you penetrate into a region of fertility through a sea of sand.

Uruguay, next to Paraguay, is the smallest of all the South American divisions, and though it has an area of one hundred and twenty thousand square miles—forty thousand more than that of Paraguay, its estimated population is only one sixth that of the latter country, being only about fifty thousand, or not quite one person to every two miles of territory, and as more than three-fourths of the whole population is comprised in the towns of Montevideo, Colonia, Bella, Ahumadra, and Maldonado, all situated on the very skirts of the country, along the rivers Paraguay and de la Plata, it will be seen at a glance that few indeed are the inhabitants of the interior.

Considering its temperate climate, fertility of soil, and commercial advantages, having more than two-thirds of its boundaries made up of navigable water, one would naturally suppose that Uruguay would of necessity be the most populous and prosperous country in South America. But when we come to consider its political position and take a retrospect back through its whole history, we shall scarcely wonder that Uruguay is just exactly what we find it—a wretched, tyrant-ridden, degraded country, without laws, religion, or education, and its inhabitants advanced in civilization but a moderate step or two above the condition of the South American savage.

Sandwiched in between Brazil and Buenos Ayres, very much as Jersey is between New York and Pennsylvania, and possessing nothing of Jersey's enterprise, ambition, and industry, this beautiful and naturally fruitful garden-land of the South has ever been but a nominal republic—in reality only a vassalage, an appanage of her more powerful neighbors.

Uniting, early, with the provinces on the other side of the Rio de la Plata, in their successful opposition to Spanish rule, Uruguay at first became a member of *La Confederacio Argentina*, and hence the significance of the title—*Banda Oriental*—signifying the Eastern Boundary, with which she was then christened. But Uruguay soon grew restive under a central Buenos Ayrean rule, seceded from the Confederacy and set up housekeeping in a very slovenly fashion, unfurled a flag of her own, proclaimed herself a nation, and defied the united provinces on the other side of "the river of silver." A long, ruinous, though by no means a bloody war ensued, terminated finally by several European nations and by Brazil, as a matter of policy, acknowledging the independent sovereignty of the Banda Oriental, and saying to the Buenos Ayreans from the muzzles of their cannon—"go back to your own side of the river, and let this young country alone."

But never has there been more than a nominal peace between Buenos Ayres and Uruguay. The people of the Argentine Confederacy have always considered the Banda Oriental in the same light that Mexico looks upon Texas—as a revolted province merely, and upon the most frivolous pretexts, and now and then without any pretext whatever, there is a declaration of war by Buenos Ayres, and then follows a series of petty warfare, preposterous paper blockades, sieges, sorties, and all manner of inhuman reprisals, everything in Uruguay in the form of enterprise is paralyzed, England, France, and Brazil look on and laugh, and send their wares to supply the necessities of the beleaguered country, bleeding the inhabitants so long as one golden drop remains in their depleted coffers, and then magnanimously send their armed ships to drive the invaders back to Buenos Ayres. Such was the condition of affairs during nearly the whole of Rosas's dictatorial rule of the Argentine Confederacy.

While always assuming to be a republic, Uruguay has never in reality been anything else than a military despotism of the most odious character. Venial to the lowest extreme, the ragged, filthy, half-clad, worse paid *soldados* of the capital may at any moment be bribed at the rate of half-a-dollar per head to pounce upon, overturn, and annihilate to-day the tyrant they took a half-dollar from, placed in power and hedged in with their loyal bayonets but yesterday, and a popular revolution in Montevideo amounts to five hundred dollars, two hour's bayonet practice, a volley or two, the last end of one usurper, and the first of another.

Outside of the walls of Montevideo there is never any enforced or recognised government of any sort. The city usurper terrifies, tyranizes, and extorts tribute from his miserable city subjects for a brief period and then disappears, and is followed by some other military adventurer possessing the requisite "five hundred," and a taste for Montevidean rule. Thus goes on the model La Platan republic—the people at large caring not a *media* who governs them or how they are governed, and the despot, however he however he may be called—president, commander, dictator, liberator or governor-general, never caring a dot for the public or individual rights, and so they drag on and drag out life, from generation to generation—ignorant, inactive, listless, lazy; no one caring to produce beyond the actual necessities of his existence lest his excess shall be laid hold of by an arbitrary usurper, assuming to be a government, and thus lies waste one of the most magnificent Eden territories of the Southern Hemisphere.

In its topographical aspect, the Banda Oriental is something singular, differing essentially from all other South American countries. Nearly circular in form, and as level in surface as Western Jersey, its water boundaries are very like those of that state. From "Cape St. Martha"—which, in reality, is nothing like a cape—on the eastern side of the land, the estuary of the Rio de la Plata—from St. Martha across to Cape Santonio, a hundred and forty miles wide, sweeps round to the westward as far as Calonia, opposite the city of Buenos Ayres, where the ocean-river is still thirty miles in width, and a little above this point the Uruguay river comes down from the North, forming the boundary on the West, between Banda Oriental and Paraguay.

On the ocean coast, and all along the northern boundary, next to Brazil, there is a broad belt of bare, burning, drifting sand, within which the soil is almost everywhere rich and fertile, producing spontaneously, the *herbe Matte*, or Paraguayan tea, and better grass than can be found in any other country of South America. Under cultivation the soil yields most bountifully of all the cereals grown in the United States, also, cotton, sugar cane, tobacco, and as fine vegetables of every description as were ever grown anywhere.

The only stream of any importance in the whole country is the Rio Negro, which has its source, singular enough, in a vast spring of exceedingly cold water, that bubbling up amid the arid, burning desolation of the desert on the northern boundary, and traversing the entire breadth of the country in a southwestern direction, falls into the La Plata to the northward of Colonia. There are besides the Rio Negro, only a few insignificant streams, none of them a dozen miles in length, but frequently in the interior and all along the southern and eastern borders of the country there are clear, crystal fountains of pure water having no visible outlet.

A great portion of the frontier on the rivers La Plata and Uruguay is densely wooded, while in the interior, extensive grassy plains, forests and stretches of sandy desert alternate. The forests are less haunted with wild beasts, and the grassy country is more densely populated with wild cattle, and the whole territory ten times less infested with reptiles and insects inimical to man, than Brazil, so that on the whole, under a good system of government and a better moral and social order of things, the Banda Oriental would be by far the preferable country of the two as a place of residence.

In traversing the continent southward, in Uruguay we first come upon the ostrich, or, as naturalists have been pleased to designate it, the *Rhea*, for what reason is more than I know, as in its habits and appearance it differs so immaterially from the African and Asiatic bird, that certainly it is not entitled to a distinctive name on that account. We had with our party a veteran bird hunter, of many years' practice, both in Asia and Africa, and he always declared the ostrich of Uruguay and the regions of the Rio de la Plata were in every feature so exactly the same as those he had so long been familiar with, that he preferred calling it an ostrich to a *rhea*, or anything else than an ostrich. As at the time I had, and at all times ever since have had, the utmost respect for the profound knowledge of Gustave Benheim, our Bavarian bird hunter, I shall prefer to follow his lead, and call the great bird a veritable ostrich.

In some sections of the country these fleet, feathered racers are abundant, and frequently when they are in full plume, parties composed of both sexes go out on horseback to hunt them, just as in this country we go out to hunt the fox or deer, or on a trouting tramp—only in the United States we are in the habit of considering our wives, and daughters and sisters effeminate incumbrances upon our hands, too fragile for any exciting field sports, and so entirely ignore their out-door society. The South American husband, father or brother does far better than that. He teaches *el sonora* to ride with two stirrups to her saddle, to whirl the wiry *lariat* with unerring precision, to drive her fiery charger headlong upon the defiant puma, and her quivering lance to the very shaft in the vitals of the monstrous brute; to lasso, choke down, bridle and saddle, and mount and master, the wild horse of the pampas—to race with and run down the fleet ostrich and transfer his rich plumes to her convenient *balsa*—to become a free, bold rider, and a pleasant outdoor as well as indoor companion.

So we went out from Moldonado one morning—twenty-two of us in all—eleven of whom were our wives and sisters—five of these *Americanoes*—born and bred in the United States, but subsequently better bred so far as manly accomplishments went, in Brazil. Well, I shall get on to it, finally—we went out from Maldonado in search of fun and ostrich—or more properly in search of the birds, as the fun would drift in naturally enough.

Within an hour, and at the distance of two leagues or so from the town, we came upon the game in abundance—more than two hundred of the long-necked, longer-legged plumed racers, at the word from our field marshal, Gustave, and away went the whole cavalcade sweeping down in a whirlwind charge upon the ostrich troop, each individual rider singling out a male bird for the chase, and for the first quarter of an hour after we went driving in among the startled birds there was such riding and reeling, such dizzy whirling, screaming, doubling, charging, clattering, clouds of dust, and cries of confused, confounded birds—ah, it was as exciting as a cavalry charge, and fifty times as funny.

The object aimed at was to confound and bewilder the birds in the first onset, and prevent them setting off in a right line in the start, in which case they would for five miles distance the fleetest horse ever saddled, and the result would be that not one ostrich in ten would be caught. To have lassoed them in the first instance would have been sheer folly, as the bird can no more be strangled with a noose than a white oak gate post, unless it be drawn instantly tight immediately back of the crown of the head, and the noose kept there, never allowing it to slip down an inch. If you do, look out—a headlong plunge of the bird, and away you go out of the saddle, or away goes your lasso, a dead loss—or perhaps *vip* comes the great horny, three-toed foot, fetching you a stunning *whelt* in the side or stomach, sending you flying a rod from your animal. The ostrich kicks like a horse, only twice as high.

However, we were fortunate enough to confuse our game, without one of our party losing their seat or lasso, and then permitting the birds to disperse and take leg. We followed, each one his or her individual game, scattering wide over the surface of the plain, and the racings and turnings, doublings and riding down and plundering of plumes that continued for some two hours was exciting in the extreme.

The traffic in ostrich eggs at various points along the Rio de la Plata is considerable, and the quantities collected along the borders of the sandy regions are immense. They are frequently brought into Buenos Ayres and Montevideo in small craft, stowed in the hold in bulk, like a cargo of oysters or potatoes, and sell usually at about a *media*—six cents apiece—which is certainly a reasonable enough price, considering that the average bulk of an ostrich egg is about equal to fifteen ordinary hen's eggs.

The ostrich is a monstrous glutton, and a something careless, unparent-like bird, but all these marvellous stories of the female depositing her eggs in a heap in the sand, depending upon the warmth of the sun to hatch them, and leaving the orphan chick ostrich dependent upon his own resources for subsistence, as well as the tales of an ostrich's propensities for bolting brass and iron, knives and forks, iron skillet legs, broken saucers and baskets of clothes pins, are, depend upon it, only very "long bows," drawn by unscrupulous travellers.

HAUNTED.

She cometh to me in the gray, gray dawn,
She cometh to me at night,
She cometh to me now I'm all forlorn,
She comes, and I clasp her tight.
She would not leave me alone to mourn,
She comes in her garments white.

I turn me round, for I know her tread,
The gleam of her brow I see,
And I stroke her hair on her sunny head,
Ah! Death hides her not from me.
Are we not one? he could ne'er unwed
Those hearts lin'd so faithfully.

She leaves her lily-white palm in mine,
She gazes with tender eyes
Which fain would tell of the life divine
In her home beyond the skies,—
Where none can sorrow, nor weep, nor pine,
Where the spirit never dies.

I whisper, "Come," but she does not move;
I look in her darling face,
I tell her again of my mad, mad love,
I hold her in fond embrace;
But she only points to the sky above,
As if not of earthly race.

When daylight comes, out I stretch my hand
To detain her by my side;
I hold her not; to that other land
She has fled, my fair young bride;
And I hear the tones of the seraph band
As from earth to heav'n they glide.

She is not here when the sun shines down,
But when he is gone to rest,
She always comes in the same white gown,
And lies close against my breast.
Then I know I have her, my wife, my own,
So I live for my angel guest.

I live my life: it will soon be done,
For the burden of earth seems light;
The web of woe now is nearly spun,
She whisper'd to me last night.
And I wait in faith till my race be run
With her spirit to take my flight.

Why Women Dress.

The true explanation of the prevailing extravagance in costume is that women dress for one another.

In other words, they dress for eyes which can appreciate the material and estimate the cost of every separate article they have on.

It is quite true that many men care as much for, and are as competent to give an opinion on the appearance of their wives, or sisters, or friends, as any number of female acquaintances; but the grounds upon which the two classes of critics will base their several judgments will always be distinct, and the conclusions themselves not unfrequently quite opposite.

Ask a married woman to tell you who is the best dressed girl at a ball, and you will hardly ever find them agreeing in their answer. Go a step further, and compare the costumes which have been selected, and you will discover almost to a certainty that the woman has singled out the most expensive dress in the room, whereas the man has simply asked himself which is the most becoming. The one has suffered herself to be so impressed by the richness of the material, the elaborateness of the embroidery, the costliness of the trimmings, that in the end she has found it simply impossible to leave these things out of the calculation. The other, happy in his ignorance, has looked only at the general effect, and has probably given the preference to a young lady whose gown has no other merits than those of being scrupulously neat, becomingly cut, and perfectly well made.

We submit, therefore, that if that deference to masculine taste which is so frequently professed really existed in any appreciable measure, it would supply an antidote to many of the grievances under which society now labors.

A week or two back, the correspondence of an evening cotemporary was largely taken up with the sorrows of parents, who have to see that their daughters look like other people, and at the same time to make both ends meet; and we have no doubt that as soon as the elections are over, the columns of the Times will be thrown open to an endless repetition of similar complaints. My daughters' gowns must sweep the pavement as they walk, cries one heart-broken mother, or if they do so far consult their pockets as to loop them up, their under-skirts must be flounced and embroidered until they become as costly as the gown. There is no necessity in the case, interposes a sterner moralist; young women should have no wish to dress beyond their means merely for the sake of rivalling their richer friends. It is here that our theory comes in and harmonizes these opposing views. No man ever felt anything but irritation at seeing a woman's gown doing the business of the crossing-sweeper, or attach any value to the amount of open work displayed beneath a looped-up skirt. If young ladies would believe it—or rather if they did but attach any importance to it when they do believe it—a man will be perfectly satisfied with their appearance, so far as these considerations are concerned, if their petticoats are spotlessly clean and their stockings guiltless of a wrinkle.

We do not say that even these characteristics, when added to the well-fitting gowns for which we have already stipulated, are to be attained without some expenditure of money, for cleanliness, at least in London, is not a cheap virtue, and it is not every dressmaker who knows how to make a dress. But, at any rate, the proposed standard is a good deal easier of attainment than the spurious fine-ladyism after which so many women toil in vain; and we cannot but believe that if girls did but think more of pleasing the other sex and less of vieing with their own, their parents would see reason to bless the change, the next time they came to look over their milliners' bill.—*Saturday Review.*

☞ COST OF MANAGEMENT IN CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, LONDON.—The average cost per child in this school may be compared with the average cost in other great schools—and, if the kind of keep and education are considered, the comparison will, we have no doubt, result in a verdict favorable to Christ's Hospital—as an example of enlightened, liberal, yet not wasteful management. The average number of children maintained and educated in the London and Hertford establishments in 1863 was 1198, and the average expenditure per child was £42 8s. 4½d.

☞ BEGINNINGS.—Nearly all beginnings are difficult and poor. At the opening of the hunt the hound limps.

The Peacock at Table.

At the chivalric banquets of the middle ages, the peacock usually appeared enshrined in a huge crust, his head protruding from one end, while at the other his tail was extended in all its glory. It was the privilege of the fairest dame to bear the bird to the table, and set it before the victor in the tourney, while the hall resounded with martial strains. In the presence of this noble dish, the knights of old dedicated themselves to the service of honor, virtue, and beauty; and when "Shallow" swore "by cock and pie," he but imitated the example of the bravest of the brave. Thus served, the peacock must have made a noble adjunct to a feast, so far as appearance went; but whether he afforded proportionate gratification to the appetite is another question. Turpin thought the flavor of peacock flesh exquisite when he tasted it in Siam; Col. Williamson declares the young birds remarkably sweet and juicy, but considers the older ones best boiled down into soup. Sir Emerson Tennent says peacock is excellent turned hot, but has the drawback of being indigestible, and of contracting a disagreeable red tinge as it cools; so far bearing out Gervase Markham's opinion, that the bird is better fitted to delight the eye than please the palate, "the flesh being very unwholesome, and used at great banquets, more from raritie than nourishment; for roast a peacock never so dry, set it up, and next day it will be blood raw, as if it had not been roasted at all." It has, however, the merit of keeping uncorrupted a long time, when once it has been cooked. St. Augustine, astonished at the sweetness of a peacock, of which he courageously ate twelve months after it had been roasted, asks: "Who but God, the creator of all things, gave to peacock's flesh a faculty of not putrefying?" Sir Thomas Browne hung up some peacock's flesh, "so that it touched no place," and found his experiment confirm its reputation for incorruptibility.

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CHARGES.—The schedule of prices of the Atlantic telegraph is published.

"The charges are: from the United States to England twenty pounds sterling, or one hundred dollars in gold for twenty words or less, and five dollars for each additional word. To the continent of Europe one hundred and five dollars for twenty words, and five dollars and twenty-five cents for each additional word. To Asia and Africa the rates will be one hundred and twenty-five dollars for twenty words, and six dollars and twenty-five cents for each additional word."

At this rate a column of European news in the Ledger would cost about $9,000. This would ruin any newspaper in the world. But a remedy will be sought in dividing the cost among all the newspapers of the country.

☞ A Vienna letter mentions that the famous drama of "Frank Muller" has now given place to a new piece, entitled "Abraham Lincoln, or the Civil War in America," and consisting of a prologue and seven scenes. These are named as follows: Prologue, "The Plow at the President's Birth-place." Scene 1. "The Father's Tomb." 2. "A Slave's Vengeance." 3. "A Levee at the President's." 4. "The Conspiracy of Good Friday at Richmond." 5. "The Spy." 6. "Victory and Joy on the Announcement of Peace at Washington." 7. "Death of Lincoln."

☞ A Columbia (South Carolina) correspondent says:—I should mention also a curious fact, that the Insane Asylum of this State, located at Columbia, is still quite full, and it is remarkable that it has been overflowing during the war. An additional building, capable of containing three hundred persons, had to be called into requisition. In the words of one who was there, 'the people went mad by dozens.'"

☞ A young man named Ward, who died in Tyrawly, Ireland, a short time ago, had a favorite spaniel dog, who attended him everywhere. On his death, the dog could with difficulty be kept from his grave, and on being brought away it returned there again. This continued till one day the faithful animal was found lying dead on the grave of his master."

☞ A "perpetual motion" clock is being exhibited at the New Zealand exhibition, and there is said to be no deception in its construction. A correspondent of the Scientific American, from Nelson, New Zealand, says the inventor has had a clock openly going in his house for the last fifteen months without being touched, and there seems no reason why it should not continue to go as long as the material will wear.

☞ Sweet words fly like honey-bees from the flower-lips of a lovely woman, penetrate the heart, as with the shaft of love, and then fill the puncture with honey.—*From an English Exchange.*

☞ SUPERSTITION RELATING TO BEES.—The superstitious practice of informing the bees of a death that takes place in a family is very well known, and still prevails among the lower orders in some countries. The disastrous consequence to be apprehended from non-compliance with this strange custom is said to be that the bees will dwindle and die. The manner of communicating the intelligence to the little community, with due form and ceremony, is this: to take the key of the house, and knock with it three times against the hive, telling the inmates, at the same time, that their master or mistress, &c., (as the case may be) is dead!

☞ A contemporary says, "The first printers were Titans." We never knew that before, but we have seen a good many "tight 'uns" within our experience.

☞ The Board of Directors of the Southern Railway of France, in a notice recently published, mention the curious fact that vegetables are sent from Madrid to Paris, a distance of more than nine hundred miles.

☞ TENDERNESS.—We have no need to go to the theatre to be made tender, but among the poor and unfortunate.

☞ THE FIRST KISS.—The lover carries away with him the first kiss as a sun to brighten and warm his whole after life.

☞ PRIDE AND CONCEIT.—A conceited man estimates himself too highly; a proud man thinks himself worthy of being highly estimated.

☞ ERRORS.—We all need resistance to our errors on every side. Woe to us when all men speak well of us, and woe to us when all men shall give way to us.

☞ EXTREMELY POLITE.—A young widow of very polite address, whose husband had lately died, was visited soon after by the minister of the parish, who inquired, as usual, about her husband's health, when she replied, with a peculiar smile, "He's dead, I thank you."

HOME SICKNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Where I am the air is perfumed
With the breath of floral bowers;
Streams like threads of burnished silver,
Gay parterres of choicest flowers;
Nothing breaks the dreary silence,
As I sit beneath the vine,
But the memory of a valley,
And a home that once were mine.

Where I am the sky is pencilled
With a tinge like ocean shell,
And the clouds like piles of crystal,
Palaces where angels dwell;
All day long the sun is shining,
And the birds so sweetly sing,
But I know there's one can rival,
Long time since I heard him sing.

Where I am the days are passing,
One perpetual stream of mirth,
Happy band of truant graces
Congregate about the hearth;
Song and dance and varied pleasures
Crown the happy, smiling hours,
But my heart is wandering ever,
Sighing to those old home bowers.

Where I am the purple twilight
Has a wealth of beauty rare,
And the forest ample, spreading,
With a landscape rich and fair,
But a tear is often trembling,
As I think of that old tree,
Shadowing the humble cottage,
Never! never more to see!

Where I am there's nothing wanting,
Wealth and taste so well combine,
And the storied wealth of ages,
Offer "fleshless lips" to mine,
But I see a chair that's vacant,
And a place still kept for me,
And I know they still are waiting
For a face they'll never see.

Where I am they call me happy,
For so well I've learned my part;
None can know 'tis but a mask
Worn to hide a broken heart;
Day by day I'm only waiting
For that messenger divine,
Waiting till He comes to claim me,
Home and friends forever mine.

NATHALIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

"Nathalie, there is a gentleman down stairs!"

"What a phenomenon!"

"But he is *handsome*."

"Astonishing!"

"Now really, you are provoking! why I believe you would as soon see a plain man as a handsome one."

"I think the former often proves as interesting as the latter. What is this paragon like?"

"Oh, tall, and fine-looking, and splendid flashing eyes and a brown moustache, and elegant—"

"Wait! let me recover a little, and in order to do so I will just ask you who and what the gentleman is, and whom he is honoring by this visit?"

"A son of an old friend of grandpa's, I believe, and his name is Guy Halcourt. He has taken boarding for the summer at Beech House, and you know how stupid that will be; so he will have to come here often for relief; and won't it be delightful?"

"Be moderate, if you please; I am again overwhelmed."

"Over-nonsense! you are just teasing me. Now do be agreeable and put away your book, and put on a becoming dress, for I tell you he is *very* handsome."

"Couldn't you go down without me, Grace? I am in a world of enchantment just now, and hate to come down to a moustache and a pair of neat, highly polished boots, and all that."

"But I tell you he is handsomer than any knight in the 'Faerie Queen,' and it will not be a bit of a *come down* to see him."

"I can't help but sigh! I think my woes greater than those of the fair Una. *Must* I go down?"

"Yes, really, you must."

"Then I reserve to myself the right to go down in just such dress as I please; therefore I shall make my appearance in this pink gingham."

"Oh, you *won't!*"

"But indeed I will; or I go not at all. If I must give up my book for this gentleman, I will be revenged by looking as ill as possible."

"It isn't a Christian spirit in you, Nathalie."

"Go thou little saint, and make thyself charming in blue barege or something else."

Grace departed in the innocent belief that her cousin would eschew folly, and make her toilet. But that young lady resumed "Spenser" and forgot the gentleman.

Mr. Guy Halcourt was making himself agreeable to Mr. Courtney in the library without having any premonition of the society of two young ladies. And when an angel in pink (gingham,) and an angel in blue (barege) floated into the room, the thread of his discourse snapped in an abrupt manner.

Mr. Courtney was proud of his grand-daughters, and he had cause to be; for, I can vouch they were very loveable girls. Not *perfect*, you know, being given to little follies and faults, as all sensible persons are.

Nathalie was the eldest, and a brunette; so dark that Grace laughingly called her "Brownie." I suppose she would not be considered handsome by those who admire beauty of a regular cast; her brow was low, and she had fine gray eyes; but then her nose was a homely little thing, while her mouth was large—only redeemed by well-cut crimson lips, which closed over pretty teeth. She had a rare smile, and a charming voice.

Grace was a pure blonde; and of course one knows that means blue eyes and golden hair.

These two were cousins, and both orphans; and they reigned supreme in the old house at Riverside.

Though loving each other fondly, they had their little tiffs and differences, for they were very opposite in character, as in appearance; and, as I remarked before, they were not *perfect*, but just

"Countenance not too bright nor good,
For human nature's daily food."

However they maintained a strict mean of honor in all their ways toward each other, and shared alike any enjoyments. When known to disagree, they were always shortly after known to indulge in tears, kisses, and other signs of repentance. And here I must be allowed to indulge in admiration, not that I mean I approve of quarrels, but when they come, as come they will, I think "making up" highly necessary, and very beautiful to see.

Mr. Courtney introduced Mr. Halcourt to his grand-daughters in a manner that made that gentleman feel that he was tasting rare bliss in knowing them; so he bowed his head low at beauty's shrine.

Grace cast an appealing look at Nathalie, as if to say "Now, ain't he all I painted him?"

But Nathalie appeared quiet, and uninpressed; very stupid of her, of course. Grace noted her manner as a subject worthy of a little quarrel.

"It makes me very happy to see you here," said Mr. Courtney in his genial way.

"I loved and honored your father, and your presence recalls many happy days spent in his society."

"My father's memory can need no higher tribute, sir, than your notice," said Mr. Halcourt, with some feeling.

"You will spend much of your time with us," continued the old gentleman, "and these girls shall show you the beauties of the country round, for they are much given to strolling."

"And getting lost," said Grace, laughing; "for with all our rambling we often lose reckoning, and get into parts unknown. Nathalie doesn't mind being lost, but I am always given over to despair. I think Nathalie has acquired a taste for it from reading the 'Faerie Queen.'"

Mr. Halcourt looked interested at this, but Nathalie blushed; she didn't care to be thought romantic.

"Wouldn't it be more pleasant in the garden than here?" she said; and rising, led the way out.

The garden at Riverside was such as one loves to imagine: very large and in excellent order, though not trimmed and kept in that stiff state that is so painful to behold, as though the flowers were all boarding-school misses, and bound to undeviating propriety. There was a rich profusion, but no *confusion*, as if Nature had been left to herself with *merely a kind suggestion*. The garden had a wall about it, and at the south end peaches and apricots grew and ripened in the sun. Altogether it was very satisfying, at least the *birds* thought so, (and I hold these little winged things to be the best judges,) for they were there in all numbers and varieties, and expressed their approval and enjoyment by rapturous song.

As Mr. Courtney was proud of his grand-daughters, so they were proud of the garden. They thought since that very old garden our first parents owned, there had not been one equal to this.

It is well to place even *undue* value upon our possessions, rather than be the least bit dissatisfied; for thereby unhappiness would creep in and grow. A woman of very lofty notions and aspirations once married a humble man, and though loving him well, she could not quite forget that he was not the ideal she had formed. So in order to counteract these thoughts she insisted that he was a *king*, and carried out the idea by calling him "Your majesty," and investing herself with all imaginary high honors as his consort.

Mr. Halcourt thought the garden very fine; he was not such a stilted gentleman that he could not stoop to admire a rose, or a pink; on the contrary he had an eye for such trifling beauties. So he praised the flowers and the fine old trees, and sat down in an arbor where clematis and coral honeysuckle had grown in friendly clasp, and talked in a pleasant way.

Grace decided he was the most agreeable, as well as the handsomest man she had ever met; and longed to be alone with Nathalie that she might have her opinion.

Mr. Halcourt thought the little blonde the most engaging of the two ladies; he scarcely understood the other, she was different from the usual order of young ladies. The setting sun warned him it was time to depart, so he arose to go.

"Now, we are to have much of your society, Guy," said Mr. Courtney; "and remember there is to be no ceremony—but come *when* you will, and *as* you will."

Thanking the old gentleman for his generous invitation, Mr. Halcourt promised to take advantage of it; and so took leave.

"I am going to change my dress," said Nathalie, coolly, when he had gone.

"Well, I *do* think" cried Grace, "you are as highly provoking as you can be! Instead of trying to make a pretty appearance before a gentleman, you made yourself shockingly indifferent; yes, for I saw him glance at your dress several times."

"Perhaps he likes the homely manufacture yclept gingham," said the imperturbable Nathalie.

"No he don't, I am certain; for he looked surprised at your attire; and I am *sure* he has good taste."

"Well, Grace, dear, I am not at all anxious to study his taste."

"So you don't, like him!"

"I did not say that; but I will own I am quite indifferent, and shall appear before him just as I please."

Grace was about to retort sharply, when a step behind them on the walk, caused both to turn: lo! it was the gentleman in question. He said he had forgotten his cane; and Nathalie saw at a glance that he had overheard the latter part of the conversation. Nathalie adorned herself with great care, and startled her grandfather by her brilliant appearance.

"Bless my heart, child! one would think you had dressed for me."

"So I did," she returned, kissing him. "I would rather appear well in *your* eyes, than any others in the world."

And it was true; for she always took more pains to please him, than any young and handsome man.

"No," said Grace, "she has dressed just to be ill-natured, now that Mr. Halcourt is gone."

Mr. Courtney opened his mild blue eyes; he could not exactly understand these things.

On his way to the hotel, Mr. Halcourt indulged in musing upon the conversation he had overheard.

"So the one don't care, and the other does!" he thought. "I have half a mind to make that one care, though. *Indifferent* to me, indeed! Well, I will meet her in the same spirit; I will devote myself to Miss Courtney, who is pretty and engaging enough for the most fastidious, and Miss Grey may maintain her elevated heights undisturbed."

Accordingly the visiting was begun, and Mr. Halcourt did as he had determined, and paid marked attention to Grace.

Nathalie looked on complacently; she thought it all quite right and natural. Grace had always been preferred among their admirers.

So there were walks, and drives, and boating, and pleasant times in general. Sometimes Grace only went on these excursions, Nathalie pleading household duties. Mr. Halcourt thought this was an excuse to avoid his company, though he had, on more than one occasion seen her making sojourns to the kitchen arrayed in a linen apron, and her sleeves rolled up over her pretty arms. She treated him politely, but without the least show of interest in her manner.

One morning Mr. Halcourt was standing with Mr. Courtney looking out upon the garden, when two birds of rare plumage flew across and alighted upon a tree.

"I would like very much to know what kind they are," said Mr. Courtney.

"Have you a gun, sir?" asked Mr. Halcourt.

"Yes; you will find it in a closet adjoining the library."

The gun was brought, and Mr. Halcourt fired, bringing down one of the birds, while the other circled round with sharp cries.

"See how beautiful it is!" he said to the ladies, who had come out at the report, and he held up the little lifeless body, scarcely yet cold.

"Lovely!" cried Grace; but Nathalie took it tenderly in her hand, while a sudden gush of tears came to her eyes.

"You don't like the sport?" said Mr. Halcourt.

"Sport!" she returned, with a flushed, indignant face; "that is no name for such a cruel act. If I had been here, I would have felt the impulse to interpose my body between your gun and this helpless little thing."

"Then I am glad you were not here," he said; though slightly confused.

"Nattie is always very tender," said Mr. Courtney, smiling at the scene.

"Why, I'm sure," said Grace, "it can't be wrong, or Mr. Halcourt would not indulge in it."

"Thank you for your defence," said he, laughing, "but I don't deserve such an advocate; for I assure you, I often do those things I know I should not."

Grace looked her utter disbelief at this.

Nathalie still held the bird, stroking it's torn plumage. Mr. Halcourt felt half angry at her reproof, and half ashamed of the thing he had done. For the first time, he acknowledged this so-called sport had failed to give him pleasure, and he inwardly resolved he would never again practice it. He admired Nathalie more for reproving him, than her cousin for defending him. "It is plain to see the difference between these two characters," he thought.

In the evening he saw Nathalie sitting alone in the parlor.

"Have you forgiven my cruel deed of this morning?" he asked.

"I beg," she replied, "you will not consider yourself accountable to me in the matter."

"You really look upon it in a serious light, then?"

"I do, indeed; and I could not resist speaking as I did; I must always do so when the object is not able to defend itself."

"You are right," he said, quietly. "I have learned a lesson."

Then, for the first time, they fell into a long conversation. Grace found them quite animated, when she entered the room.

"So, at last, you are being agreeable to each other," she said, in her childish way.

Both laughed; and Mr. Halcourt said they had ever been the best of friends.

"Well, I was afraid it was the contrary; but I am glad I am disappointed. You will understand Nathalie in time, Mr. Halcourt."

"I think I have already conquered the interesting study," he replied.

"Oh, you have! then just please describe her."

"With Miss Grey's permission, I would say I think she is one who would *love supremely, dislike strongly*, and be *cruelly indifferent*: and I may add, Heaven save me from the latter!"

"Why you have described her exactly! and about the *indifference*—that is good. Do you know, she once said she didn't care—"

"Grace," said her cousin, "What do you think of going on the river this evening?"

Grace was always easily diverted, so she turned her attention to the delights of boating.

On their way to the river they encountered a friend of Mr. Halcourt's who was strolling about in rather a forlorn way. Being introduced, he was asked to join them, and he eagerly accepted the invitation. Mr. Bloom was boarding at the hotel where Mr. Halcourt stopped, and as he had no acquaintances in the neighborhood, was rather at a loss for enjoyment.

"Do you know," he said, "Halcourt has been most mysterious as to where he spends his time? Each day he vanishes, and returns looking so happy that we all know he has some secret source of pleasure; but all our efforts to find it out have been unavailing. I feel proud that I have become the discoverer. Don't you feel ashamed of your selfishness?" he added, to Mr. Halcourt.

"No," returned the latter, "no shadow of remorse has yet crossed my breast."

"Incorrigible wretch! isn't he?" said Mr. Bloom to Grace, who was walking with him.

"No, indeed! I can't allow you to say so; he has been so kind and entertaining to us."

"Umph! I dare say. His manners are good enough, but I insist he has no conscience."

Mr. Halcourt did not take much pains to defend himself from this attack of his friend; in fact, he was engaged in talking with Nathalie.

"I consider myself the most unhappy of men," he said.

"Why?" she asked.

"Why, from that your cousin hinted this evening, I fear I have your indifference; and I can tell you I shall shortly pine away and die. Don't you feel moved at this?"

"Not much."

"Cruel! You will repent one day, when it is too late, as did Barbara Allen of old."

"Barbara didn't know her own mind, I think. Here is the boat."

When they went to their room that night, Nathalie read Grace a little lecture on the subject of repeating things she heard.

"Why need you care, when you are so indifferent to Mr. Halcourt?" asked Grace, slyly.

"Of course, I don't care," returned her cousin, loftily; "but it isn't pleasant to have all one's speeches repeated."

"Nathalie," said Grace, suddenly, "isn't he splendid? I really am in love with him. I wish you were, too."

"Thank you, my dear, I have no desire to be; besides, it would be very awkward.

"Why would it?" asked innocent Grace.

"He couldn't marry us both, you know."

"Marry! I never thought of that. But suppose he *should* want to marry one of us, wouldn't it be funny?"

"More serious than amusing, I think such things are."

"And so you don't want him, Nathalie?"

"No; I leave you undisputed right to the gentleman. You shall marry, if you will, while I remain housekeeper at Riverside."

"Maybe you would like Mr. Bloom?"

"Maybe I wouldn't."

"Indeed, then, I think Mr. Bloom very nice."

"Yes, yes, both are nice; let us go to bed, Grace."

Mr. Halcourt was by no means sorry they had met Mr. Bloom; he was a young man of unexceptionable character, and he did not hesitate to introduce him to the ladies. It must be owned he had a secret hope that he might admire Grace. The more indifferent Nathalie appeared, the more interested he became, in spite of his determination to the contrary. One morning he appeared at an early hour, intending to breakfast with them.

Passing through the garden he saw a figure bending over the flowers; it was Nathalie.

"So early at nature's shrine? What a devout worshipper!"

"I can assure you," she said, "I am rather irreverent. I have just been wishing that nature would hurry with her toilet, for I by no means admire cutting dripping-faced flowers, however lovely they appear."

"That rose seems resenting your speech, it clings so persistently to the stem. Allow me to assist you."

He stooped to sever the rose, which had been indulging in a liberal bath of dew, and flashed a shower of drops on the molesting hand.

"There!" he cried, triumphantly, "isn't it a beauty?"

In raising his hand, the rose touched her cheek, and instantly Mr. Halcourt's eyes rested there. What a lovely cheek it was, soft and crimson. I don't pretend to excuse him, though the temptation was so great; the gentleman did a most audacious thing—kissed the pretty cheek, as he dropped the rose into the basket.

Miss Grey sprang to her feet indignant, and looking twice as handsome as before, and ere the culprit could utter a word, had passed into the house. Mr. Halcourt rose and gave a prolonged whistle, as if to relieve his feelings.

"You have made a confounded fool of yourself," he said, switching a poor poppy off it's stem, as though that unfortunate flower had done the deed.

"You had better a great deal go down to the river and drown yourself, for you will never be forgiven."

He left the garden, but did not go to the river. He went to the hotel (probably to make preparations for the bath he had suggested to himself) where in his own room he sat down to smoke and reflect, in what might be termed a savage mood.

Nathalie's cheeks retained a brilliant color all that day, and it was heightened by sundry remarks from Mr. Courtney and Grace, on the non-appearance of Mr. Halcourt.

Mr. Courtney thought he must be sick, and hinted at going to see after him. Grace sighed, and said it was very droll.

In the evening Mr. Bloom made his appearance, resplendent in linen pants and a delicate neck-tie, and Grace demanded information of his friend.

"This is the first day he has failed to be with us," she said, pouting, "and we are quite put out, aint we, Nathalie?"

Nathalie frowned.

"Halcourt has been acting like a lunatic all day," explained Mr. Bloom. "Has staid in his room and smoked desperately. I went up to ask him if he was coming here, and I tell you he looked fiercely at me. I asked him if he had the headache, and he said 'No—the devil!' I really think his mind is disturbed, for I never knew him make such a near approach to profanity."

"Oh, how distressed I am!" cried poor Grace. "What can be the matter?"

Nathalie left the room in haste, smothering something like laughter in her handkerchief.

The three went out for a walk, and Nathalie was very gracious to Mr. Bloom, thereby putting that young man into a sort of seventh heaven, for heretofore he had scarcely dared approach her. And so, on his return to the hotel, he ran up to his friend's room, and in a boyish manner expatiated on the delightful evening he had spent.

"I tell you, Guy, he said excitedly, "Miss Grey was charming! She is by far the most—"

Here Mr. Halcourt politely kicked a chair which had supported his feet, knocking it down, and thereby interrupting the conversation.

The next morning the missing gentleman was still missing at Riverside, and Mr. Courtney was convinced he must have a fever. After dinner, Nathalie had gone to her room, when a servant brought up a note, and a handsome bouquet. Opening the note, Nathalie read:

Miss Grey:—Can you forgive my conduct of yesterday? I can assure you I have suffered. If you forgive me, I will expect to see some of my flowers in your hair to-night.

Sinning, but repentant,

GUY HALCOURT.

Her first impulse was to tear note and flowers to fragments, but, calming herself, she re-read the former, and put the latter into a vase, on a stand.

And in the evening, a single white blossom shone among the braids of her brown hair.

Mr. Halcourt made his appearance, and was overwhelmed with questions and greetings.

"What had been the matter? What did he mean by this cruel desertion?"

His explanation was not very lucid. He said something about being under the weather.

"Dear me!" said Grace, in her simplicity, "I thought the weather very good."

Everybody laughed, and thus Mr. Halcourt was relieved of some embarrassment.

Though Nathalie wore the flower, it was simply in token of forgiveness; she was too much of a lady not to accept his acknowledgements; but at the same time, Mr. Halcourt felt himself at a certain distance. He was not quite at ease, and he observed the attentions of Mr. Bloom with evident annoyance. "Bloom is presumptuous," he thought; "I wish I had never introduced him." Innocent Bloom! he sunned himself in the light of Miss Grey's eyes, utterly unconscious of the wrath he was exciting.

The next day the party set out for a ride, and Mr. Halcourt took his place by Grace's side, leaving his friend to escort Nathalie.

They started at a lazy, pleasant pace, talking and laughing; but at last Grace said, "Let us have a race!" "By all means," cried Mr. Bloom. "We have just the proper spirit in this party for a race."

So, drawing up under some trees, they made a direct start.

Nathalie was a splendid rider, and she seemed to have determined she would win. She rode a black pony, exquisite in shape, and of high, nervous spirit. It quickly responded to the rein, and started like a flash. Quite unaccustomed to riding, Mr. Bloom made awkward attempts at following. All at once he was startled by a sudden change in Nathalie's horse; he had turned, and she was endeavoring to bring him back to the lead.

Pawing the ground and snorting, he resisted her.

"Don't let her force him, Bloom!" cried Mr. Halcourt; "his eye is very threatening."

But Nathalie would not let him conquer, and with a tightened rein she brought him round and started once more. Instantly he dashed off with an irregular, plunging motion.

"She will be thrown!" said Mr. Halcourt, and dashing ahead, he gained upon the excited animal just as its rider was swerving in the saddle. Dropping his own rein, he caught the pony, begging Miss Grey to hold on; but the horse wheeling suddenly, he was dragged from his saddle, and fell heavily to the ground, where he lay, stunned.

Miss Grey was the first to command herself. Her horse now somewhat subdued, Mr. Bloom assisted her to dismount, and she knelt beside Mr. Halcourt.

"He is dead!" said Grace, with a hysterical sob.

"No," said Mr. Bloom, scarcely less frightened, "I think he is only stunned from the fall. If I may leave you, ladies, I will go to that farmhouse beyond, and get assistance and a carriage." In a short time the carriage was procured, and the unconscious man placed in it, Grace still persisting he must be dead, because he looked so white. According to her theory, Nathalie might have been dead, too; for she was equally pale, and almost as silent.

Mr. Courtney's astonishment at the return of the party, and alarm when he understood matters, was extreme. A physician was summoned, who, after he had restored consciousness, assured them there was no serious injury.

Grace now cried for joy, as she had before for grief; while Nathalie slipped off to her room. And Mr. Halcourt was very interesting; lying on a lounge in the library, and receiving a thousand tender attentions.

Late in the afternoon, while still lying there with his eyes closed, a soft step crossed the floor. He knew the step very well, but did not open his eyes.

"I am come to entertain you," said Nathalie's voice.

"Thank you!" don't trouble yourself."

"But it is not any trouble. I will read to you."

"I don't care to hear."

"I can sing."

"I will be deaf to the syren's voice."

There was a pause, during which this gentleman saw fit to open his eyes. Nathalie was about turning away.

"Stay!"

"No; I will not annoy you."

"But I have a head-ache."

"The best thing is quiet."

"Heartless!"

"Disagreeable!"

"Nathalie!"

"Mr. Halcourt!"

"Is there any eau de cologne?" he asked, feebly.

"Oh yes! are you faint?"

"A trifle; don't let me disturb you."

The bottle being brought, Miss Grey was obliged to fall upon her knees to bathe the pale face. Her hand trembled a great deal, and without the slightest provocation she suddenly burst into tears. Mr. Halcourt was concerned; he upset the bottle without ceremony, and revived without any more of the perfume.

Mr. Halcourt had often, when a boy, written in his copy-book, "Strike while the iron is hot," and "Make hay while the sun shines;" and as he knew the sentences to be merely a trite mode of recommending people to take advantage of the proper moment, he instantly felt impressed with their wisdom, and put some very serious and direct questions to his companion, who came out nobly in her replies. At the close of the catechism he said:

"Which cheek was it I offended the other day, Nathalie?"

"The right," she said, blushing.

"Then," he said, very gravely, "have the goodness to turn the other, and to forestall any objection, I would merely say, I have the Scripture on my side.

Mr. Halcourt played the invalid for several days, and proved very exacting in his demands. But Nathalie bore it all with wonderful grace.

One day Mr. Bloom held a conversation with his friend, in which he called him, "my dear fellow," and said he deserved it—whatever it was; and owned he had himself felt a weakness in "*that quarter*," but at the same time declared he would be more than happy if "*that other*" smiled upon him.

And *that other*, being an obliging little thing, did smile upon him, and privately told him, patting his cheek the while, that she had always thought him a "good boy."

Mr. Courtney was amazed when the denouement was made, and said "Dear me!" three distinct times, looking at the blushing parties over his spectacles. How unsuspecting old gentlemen are!

What more shall I say? People who are happy don't care to be meddled with, so I hesitate.

I will only say that Mr. Courtney did not lose his grand-daughter, and in time Riverside became a very gay place.

A "SARKASTIKLE" down-east editor says:—"Two weeks ago Sunday we rode to church on a splendid silk robe, drawn by a lady full six feet distant. We tried our best to avoid the necessity, but she insisted—it was all the style! Mentally we replied, 'Where's the use of horse-cars?'"

A CLERGYMAN once posted the following notice on the gate of his church:—"Found, two hats in my strawberry bed. The owners can have them by proving property." We don't believe the owners will call for them.

DEAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LUCERN ELLIOTT.

The brown cliff stands over the eastern shore,
  The waves flash and moan in conscious unrest—
A little white cottage stands back, and the roar
  Of the sea as old Neptune throws up the white crest,
  Greets the cot where it lays 'gainst the mountain's breast
    Like a wild bird at rest.

One lone, gray-haired occupant stands in the door,
  Looking out toward the grave-yard over the lea;
Half fancying she hears what she never shall more—
  The old, well-learned footfalls over the floor,
  And the quick step of childhood; but this cannot be—
    It is naught but the sea!

The dim gloaming thickness o'er mountain and shore,
  The shadows grow heavier over the door,
And—is that a traveller comes up from the tide?
  Ah! her eyes do not cheat her, though fancy runs wild
  Thinking of the dead father and the last baby-child
    Out there side by side.

* * * * * *

Two years, did you say? since you gave them your kiss?
  'Tis a long time to bear such a load of suspense.
Yes, my heart has so ached for the voices I miss—
  But my grief for the *dead* has been *nothing* to this,
  That is heavy and dark, but in time it relents,
    This is sorrow intense.

Dead *too*; my brave boys. I have lulled them to sleep
  With their heads on my bosom; felt the soft clasp
Of little warm hands so tenderly sweet
  Entwining my throat in their infantile grasp;
  That was years ago though, and this is the last;
    But is memory past?

Dead—did *both* die in prison; my Herbert and Claire,
  This is part of the ransom, their *country is free.*
I could give them to battle; death's glory but *there*
  To breathe out their lives in slow torture, to be
Denied the fair earth and sweet scented air,
  Starved to death! 'tis despair.

Died; and *there*, with the damp earth alone for their bed,
  And the fierce burning rays of the pitiless sun,
Shining down through the long summer days on their heads;
  Can they call themselves *men* who this deed have done?
God forgive them, *I* cannot, their wages shall be
  Their own infamy.

Hark! the triumph is won, the country is free,
  And the peace-bell are ringing their glad jubilee,
'Tis a proud day, we all say, but what's that to me?
  Though some have their freedom and others their fame,
  That to gladden their hearts, this to circle their heads;
  And our fair country still has its glorious name.
I should joy in the gladness? my *heart aches* instead—
    I have only my dead.

CLIFF CASTLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

CHAPTER III.

I scarcely know how the next few weeks passed after that brief glimpse of the beautiful face which from that time haunted my sleeping and waking hours. I played among the rocks; swung on the vines trailing from the huge tree boughs; rowed my skiff over the stream, and hunted turtles' eggs in the sand. But wherever I went, whatever pursuit I engaged in, the one thing uppermost in my mind made it a secondary object. The interest which had been excited in various studies did not wane—they were only eclipsed by a deeper, intenser one, which gradually grew upon me.

I imagine this new train of thought had the effect of rendering me discontented, finally, because it made me think more of myself and things more directly connected with me. Though I had often formed the resolution to ask my father more concerning the mother of whom I could only dream and conjecture, the courage wanting always failed me in the last moment, and I went on, dreaming, fearing, growing almost bitter as advancing time and the pursuits that engaged me and slowly unfolded some of the mysteries of the world. But why was a real, practical knowledge of that world denied only to me? This was what finally begun to puzzle me most.

Sitting in the observatory at the top of the house one day, I was sweeping the country with a huge glass, when I caught the flutter of light drapery far away on the opposite side of the river. Instantly my eye was fixed upon the spot, and I could distinguish a number of gaily dressed persons upon a cliff jutting out over the stream, which was called the "Hawk's Nest." Some miles above us, a similar cliff was visible upon our side of the river, that bore the name of "Long Point," but I had never seen any people about it, and the sight was new to me.

While gazing eagerly at the group, wondering whence they came, my father came to my side.

"What are you looking at, my daughter?"

"O, papa, a party of people over there on the Hawk's Nest! Look at them," I cried, yielding to him the glass. "Where do you suppose they came from?"

"The village, perhaps," he said, gravely—"or, the pleasure-seekers of the summer, on their way to the Springs. I hear they often stop to visit those points visible from here, as places of great interest. The Hawk's Nest is said to be three hundred and fifty feet above the water, and there is a romantic legend connected with it, of a maiden, who loving, was deceived, and in her unhappiness cast herself from that cliff to certain destruction."

"Papa."

I came close to his side, my heart and voice full of wistful longings. I could not keep down the desire to question him, much as he shrank from my eager inquiries.

"Well, child."

"There are many people over there. Are they like you and I, papa? Do they look and act as we do? Are they young and happy? Do you suppose there are any little girls like me there now?"

"I am sure I cannot tell, for it is too far away to distinguish. Yet I think there may be."

"They seem to flutter about in a gay, glad way. Don't you think they are very happy?"

"Why, yes—possibly—for the time being, at least. But why do you ask these questions, child?"

"Because—because—I wish I could know, papa! Shall I never see any little girls, nor fine, pretty ladies, nor handsome, learned gentlemen—such as we read about? Papa, why can't we go away from here sometimes, as those people over there are doing? Everybody don't stay in one place like this;" and, spite of myself, a long-drawn, quivering sigh escaped me.

He looked at me fixedly, with eyes strongly troubled, growing tender as he gazed. Finally I saw a mist gather over the dark orbs, and his lip trembled.

"Has it come at last, little daughter—has it come at last? Discontent has penetrated my home and found my wild flower. Soon, when my eye rests upon the fair petals where is has dwelt with the only sense of peace and rest long years have yielded to a world-weary heart—a pang deep and bitter will stir the half-stilled fountain to troublous commotion, for I shall see upon the spotless blossom a trace of cankering blight, which will deepen and deepen until the winds scatter the torn leaves abroad, or lay their dust at my feet. Oh, child! Eden was fair and sweet and stainless until woman wandered in the way of temptation; and then pain, sorrow, suffering and despair was entailed upon mankind! I charge you to banish this demon—strangle it before its strength masters your own. Be content, be content."

He took a cheerfuller tone presently. It was not from forgetfulness of the theme that had moved him, but to carry out a purpose conceived during a moment's thoughtful silence. I knew it instantly, because he seldom strove to win my attention from whatever happened to claim interest at the time being. Now he changed the subject, and charmed away the faint, weary feeling of unrest and disappointment by plunging into a brilliant astronomical exposition, to which I listened spell-bound, until the sun descended behind the tall western peaks, leaving a fiery golden glow over all the earth. Two or three hours had slipped away unheeded, and it may be he had been as forgetful of its passage as I. He looked happier as he caught the expression of my eager face, and smiled, one of his rare, brilliant smiles, which I thought so beautiful. Perhaps its beauty was enhanced by its rarity. Softening lines were seldom seen upon the sad, gloomy face—still handsome and manly, in spite of the furrows care had laid along the broad, noble brow.

"Come, it is tea-time," he said, brightly. "I have kept you here a great while, haven't I? Would you like to come back with me to-night, and look at some of the stars I have been describing through the telescope? This is August. During this month, nine constellations are on the meridian. It is early, and I can point them out to you successively. Would you like to study astronomy with me?"

"Indeed I would, dear papa! And we will begin to-night! Ah, how good you are!"

"I hope you may always be able to think so, Astrea. Do you know, my daughter, that I named you for a star?"

I answered him negatively, in surprise and bewilderment. Surely some spirit or fairy had been at work with this pale, gloomy man, kindling him into life such as I had never seen. Usually he talked little to me; indeed he seemed more than half of the time to ignore my existence. Now I suddenly found myself the object of tender solicitude and deep paternal interest. Was it real? Would it last? Strangely sweet and satisfying was the feeling that stole into my little panting heart; but a fear came with it. Earthly happiness cannot be ambrosial. The drop of Marah will fall into its cup to tinge the nectarine draught with a flavor of wormwood, and I detected it in mine, as I sat beside my father that evening, proud and happy, and trembling under his devoted attentions. I knew from what he was trying to win me, and it excited wonder and interest, almost to pain. Why strive to shut me from all practical knowledge of society? Why did he so hate and shun the great world of which he would not even let me think, willingly? Puzzling enigma! When should I ever unravel it, with the key in the hand of another whose sole care was to hide it from my grasp?

I forget perplexing speculations when he again led me to the observatory on that calm, bright August night, and placed me before the telescope adjusted to bear upon *Draco*, which he soon taught me to trace out with enthusiastic delight, from the four stars distinguishing the head, to *Thuban*, called by nautical men, the *Dragon's Tail.*

With eyes uplifted, I gazed upon the new world opened to me. No longer quiet little twinkling stars looked down upon the dusky earth as she lay under the shadow of night. I saw infinite space sparkling and radiant with glowing, living images. Brilliance dazzled my unaccustomed eyes till they sought relief amid the misty nebulous seas of light that lay far away in the distance. In that hour God spoke to my soul till it quaked, and throbbed, and overflowed with love. The scroll of His Heavens was outspread to my gaze, and I beheld written in characters of divine light, "I am mighty—I am loving—I am merciful. Look up and behold the work of my hands. I could sweep this space of its brilliant orbs with an impulse of will; but for man's sake, children of mine through my Son, they hang upon laws immutable to the end of Time."

Earth dwindled to a mustardseed's dimensions, and human life was but as a spark of phosphorescent light. My eyes grew dim; the magnificence above me melted into one vast sea that rolled its flashing billows Coesterward; my breath came in quick, spasmodic gasps, and with a sobbing cry of enchantment I could not control, I fell upon my knees beside my father and laid my throbbing brow against his breast.

"Oh, papa! It is so great, and grand, and beautiful! It overpowers me. It seems to me as if those stars must be angels with crowns and wings, they are so bright. I cannot look at them!"

"Why, you little silly child! Is this my demure, quiet little elf, fresh from her sports with the nymphs and dryads? Who could have believed you so susceptible? I had no idea you were such a little enthusiast."

His tone calmed me. I raised my head from his bosom, put up my hand and stroked his cheek caressingly.

"Ah, papa, you do not know me, I think. I am too small a thing to claim your study when you have all those huge tomes to pore over and absorb your attention. I am not demure or quiet—but as wild and impetuous as the little streams that go surging over and through the stones after a rain storm."

He started as if stung with a reproach, pressed me back to his side for a moment, and sighed heavily.

"Is it true indeed, child. I must not let this go on. I have been selfish, I am afraid, and left my child too much without a companion. I thought your books were enough for you when you became immured in them. Being oblivious myself to all things else, when I read, I forgot that you were younger and differently constituted—without any motive for absorbing life in hard mental labor. Forgive me, Astrea, and we will henceforth be warmer friends, better companions."

My heart warmed still more under the magically tender tones. How I loved him then—my dear father! I put my firme round his neck impulsively, kissing his cheeks again and again in my eager transports.

Hours sped, and it was late when he took me below. There was a warmth in his kiss to-night never given me before as he sent me to rest, adding an injunction to "sleep well," and to "stay in the house more in future, if I designed to study astronomy. You will want your strength for the night time," he added, with another of those rare smiles. "To preserve health and strength, one must have a proper proportion of sleep and rest—and if you run wild during the day, then sit up half the night, I am afraid my blossom will fade."

Days, weeks, months passed, and I was absorbed with the glories of celestial worlds. I took up Mythology with a double zest and retraced the pages of its delightful history with all the enthusiasm of an imaginative, fanciful mind. Hosts of dazzling constellations came upon and passed the meridian, to which my eyes turned nightly, except when black clouds rolled over the face of the sky, and the hoarse mutterings of thunder trembled along the mountain sides. Then I would sit at the window of my chamber and watch the warring elements with eager, breathless interest and delight. It did not frighten me to see the red tongues of flame leaping along the great leaden masses of cloud. It was to me only a consumer of foul vapors—a purifier of the air, and an evidence of divine goodness and power. Why should I shrink or fear. It was grand and beautiful, and in the world of Beauty I was learning contentment again.

I had not forgotten, but was won away from the growing moodiness. My father was evidently laboring to lead me away from painful thoughts and subjects. I seconded his efforts. I did not want to be unhappy, and it made me so to think, speculate, and watch his sad, careworn face. Finally I became so deeply absorbed in anything he proposed and shared with me I came to care for nothing else.

Time wore on. The few shadows that had darkened my life had passed away, leaving only dim remembrances, while the ruddy gleam of a radiant sun tinged it with roseate beauty. Oh, if that bright season could have lasted forever! If I could have lingered on in the soft, sweet beauty of the vale separating the woman from the child!

CHAPTER IV.

So, the years had come and gone, bringing me to my sixteenth birth night. Until now I had been an eager student, plunging enthusiastically into everything that could satiate my thirst for knowledge. Within the last year my father had sent to Charleston and surprised me with a beautiful piano, an unfailing source of delight. In music, as in all things, he was a most admirable teacher. My love for music, and an indomitable will—an unfailing perseverance, made me an apt scholar. I was proud and happy when on the memorable sixteenth anniversary of my natal morn, he drew me within his arms, kissed my forehead and lips fondly, saying in his sweet way:

"Astrea, my child, I am proud of you. To womanhood I have reared my wild flower in purity and happiness, such as the world knows not of. And in all that great world of which you have read and dreamed and heard me speak only, there is not one girl amongst a thousand who could outshine you in culture and refinement. You are like the hardy mountain pine, with the grace of the willow—the limpid, sparkling mountain brook, with the depth of the river. Little daughter—mine only in all the world, tell me that I have made your life happy."

He held me from him and looked into my eyes. Returning his gaze I answered earnestly:

"You have made my life happy, papa. Believe it, and be you happy also."

What a glad, grateful light crept into his eyes. How his heart throbbed as he held me to his side and twisted his white, slender fingers into the long brown curls of my hair.

"Has your heart wished for anything which I have not given, Astrea? Are you satisfied entirely?"

"I cannot say that, papa. I have been happy, but not always satisfied. Since you showed me my mother's picture long ago the wish has never left me to hear the history you then promised. Your evident pain and constant effort to make me satisfied have been effectual in keeping me silent. But I have longed for it, papa, every day of my life I have thought of it, sometimes so restlessly it seemed as if I could not wait. Has the time not yet come to trust me with this history, dear father? Remember I am all you have, and if there is a bitter cup in your life to drink let me share it."

He dropped back in a chair, pale and silent. I stood before him, holding his hands, kissing them fondly, and with passionate regret for the pain I had given. Now that the seal was broken which had been put upon the subject, the desire within me grew to gigantic proportions. I could not be put off longer. I felt that I must know what had cut him off from the world—driven him into exile, with a little child to care for, and over whose destiny the years had passed slightly until now.

"Oh, papa, forgive me. I do not want to hurt you, but let me share your sorrow. I feel that it is my right."

"Astrea, can you not wait?"

"Not now—since I have spoken, why should I? Why should you wish to conceal it from me?"

"To keep you happy, child, and your mind pure. I shrink from pouring this tale into your ear, as I might shrink from pouring ink upon a snowy garment. My darling, when I have told you, the stain can never be removed, and it will embitter you as it has embittered me—poison your whole life."

"Oh, papa, is it then so dreadful?" I felt that my lips were white. My whole frame trembled.

"It must be a fearful thing that can drive a man like myself into an exile like this—shut his only child out forever from the position to which her birth entitled her. Your ignorance has been bliss, Astrea; and believe me that it is worse than folly to be wise."

"No, no!" I gasped, sinking beside him. "I must know it all now. I cannot wait, papa. Tell me, tell me, I implore you."

A minute passed; then he said slowly:

"I will tell you, since you are so earnest. To-night I will join you on west-cliff. Until then, say no more about it, and leave me alone for a while. Oh, child, I wanted this to be a happy day for you. Your impatience and suspense will cloud it hopelessly. Yet you must wait while I prepare myself for the ordeal."

He kissed me tenderly, then went into the library and closed the door. I did not see him again until evening.

I had wandered restlessly to west-cliff, and was seated upon a jutting point where I could command a full view of the river, now bathed in a flood of silvery moonlight. When my father's footfall sounded upon my ear, I did not look up. There was a choking sensation in my throat—a fear at my heart I could not stifle. The dread of what was to come, and the strong desire to end the sickening suspense, had proved taxing to my strength. Every nerve quivered with intense excitement when he sat down and took my hand in his cold palm. He was trembling, too. His frame shook so violently I lifted my eyes to his face at length. How very white and haggard it looked in the moonlight! Ah, my poor father. In that one moment of silence following his affectionate action, I tasted some of the bitterness of his suffering.

"Astrea, my child," he began tremulously, "I will not trouble you with a long story. To-day I have made a rigid retrospect of the past, and condensed the whole into a brief history. I have not the strength to soften it for you by going into detail. It is only the hard truth to which you must listen. Can you bear it, little one?"

"If my beloved father has borne it in silence, without sympathy all these years, I can bear it now," I answered, turning my lips to the hand he had placed upon my shoulder. His arm slipped around me, and drew me close to his heart.

"Dear child! So loving, so faithful! After all, it may be best to tell you. It will lighten the burthen for me; but you will become oppressed. Oh, my daughter, it is a bitter grief that I must embitter the sweet young life of my only one," and he groaned. I could not speak; so he resumed more calmly, after a few moments:

"Far across the great deep, in the heart of a noble forest, stands a grand old mansion, which is my birthplace. I was an only child. My father, a gay young Baronet, was free and careless in his habits and feelings. I think he did not greatly care for anything but his hunting grounds. He was fond of sport, and spent a great deal of his time with his dogs and gun. My mother was different. Shy, intensely loving, a good deal reserved, her life was not a happy one. From her I inherited a depth of sensitive, passionate feeling which has proved the bane of my life. Added to these qualities was a pride which would have forced me to suffer death ere I would betray my pain. This, too, came from my mother, whom it was said my father neglected, not with intent, but thoughtlessly—until her heart was broken. She went to an early grave, leaving me an infant in my nurse's arms.

"A little while he mourned for the lost one, then brought to Moulton a second wife—the widow of a neighboring Lord, with two sons—huge, boisterous fellows, for whom I had a strong dread and dislike from my earliest remembrance. It is not my purpose to tell you of all those miserable years at home. Kindness was not a component part of Lady Moulton's character, and she succeeded in rearing me with a distrust and dread of all mankind. By her example, I was taught to look upon all people as selfish, heartless—moved only by interested motives to semblances of feeling never possessed. With all my distrust, I thirsted for love. All my life I had been hungry for it; but where could I look for a disinterested affection? I was heir to my father's vast estates, and could have sued successfully anywhere. But that would not make my happiness. I could not take to my bosom a wife who loved me for my position. She must love me for myself solely. I would have no other than a passion like my own—the love I felt myself capable of bestowing upon a good, true woman—provided I could find one.

"At twenty I came into possession of my inheritance by my father's death. Lady Moulton betook herself to her own house, and left me to quietude at last. For me it was a glad and happy day when she bade farewell to Moulton. I lingered awhile, and then set off to travel for a time, going whithersoever my fancy led me.

"Three years had been spent in this way, when I met your mother. Astrea, you cannot conceive how beautiful she was—how pure, artless and winning. I found her among the mountains of Switzerland, and in a most quiet, unpretending manner, wooed her. I thought that she loved me. I thought, too, that her love was disinterested. She knew nothing of my rank. She asked only to be beloved in return, as fully and entirely as she had given her affection to me.

"Ah, I was intoxicated with joy when she stood beside me, and I could hold her hand, whispering in her ear the dear name 'wife.' She was of gentle blood, and had been as carefully cultured by her mother as I have endeavored to educate you, Astrea. To the mother I revealed my position, and held her to secrecy that I might win the girl's heart. And when she was my bride I took them both home proudly, and made my wife mistress of Moulton.

"Like a wild, mad dream comes back the memory of the one little year of happiness that followed. I loved her above all earthly things—nay, I idolized her. With pride I decked her out in costly robes and glittering diamonds. I saw her moving with ease and grace amongst her peers, admired by all, beloved by many; for who could resist the spell of her matchless beauty. No jealous thought ever entered my heart then. I believed in her love, and while I trusted to that, all the homage laid at her feet but sweetened the intoxicating draught of pleasure I daily quaffed.

"It seemed that only one thing was wanted to complete my happiness; and it seemed as if that one thing had been given when you were laid into my arms, and the sweet eyes of the mother looked wistfully into mine. She thought I would be deeply disappointed at having a daughter instead of a son; but it was no sorrow to me. You were as welcome to me as a boy could have been, and I knelt beside her to thank God for the gift when your pure eyes opened to the light, and I saw her beauty was in them.

When you were nearly three months old, I was summoned away for a short time to London. I came back at the end of a week to find my wife pale and depressed. Alarmed for her health, I plied her with questions, but she insisted that she was perfectly well, laughing away my anxiety with a hundred little winning ways. Still, as the time passed, I saw to my anguish that she was concealing something from me—why, I could not imagine, until the final truth at last fell upon me with a blow that almost shattered my manhood.

"One evening we sat in the library both silent, and I, at least, very sad. She looked like marble in her pallid beauty—and I knew that she was suffering. It killed me nearly to think that she would withhold from me the cause of her trouble. I had come to the conclusion that some mental malady was fading her away before my eyes, though she would not acknowledge it. After awhile my head sank upon my arms. I had suffered it to droop that she might not see the unmanly tears which would not be kept back, and rolled over my cheeks.

"While I remained in that position, I heard her rise and leave the room. Raising my head a moment later I saw the flutter of her light drapery as she quickly descended to the terrace—from thence into the garden. It was a bright, moonlight night like this, and the library window commanded a full view of the course she had taken.

"I was surprised, yet no thought of suspicion, even then, entered my mind. She had longed for a breath of fresh air, and stolen out to the garden for a quiet walk; but the dews were falling and dangerous. Though keenly hurt with the thought that she wished to escape my presence, I could not risk the life so precious to me, and taking a shawl from her closet, I followed her out, intending to wrap her in it, and then, if she wished, leave her to herself.

"Through a shaded walk I made my way toward her. I saw her white dress near a fountain, and knew that she stood beside it. As I neared the spot, her voice fell upon my ear in a tone of anguish new to it. The words were distinct and almost sharp. I was struck dumb with what followed—riveted to the spot without power to move.

"'Henry,' she said, 'can it be possible that you are jealous of Lord Moulton? You wrong me bitterly. I love you as dearly as ever. *Nothing* could win my heart from you, no matter how dark the seeming. You break my heart in doubting me.'

"A man's voice answered bitterly:

"'Yet you gave yourself to him, when you knew in all the wide world, I had no other to love or to love me! Does this prove the undying love you protest still to be mine. I thought that last time we met, that I had something still to live for! What a fool to believe it. I am an outcast, banished my home, cut off from friends. Poor, miserable, lonely. There is not even a shelter to cover my head this night, where I may lay it in peace. Yet I could have borne it all, cheerfully, had my little Bertha been faithful. But *this*—oh God—this is bitter! Another stands between me and her heart! I can come to her no more with my sorrows."

"Yes, Henry, you can, and must. I am able to help you now, as never before. I have gold and jewels. You shall have all you need, and as for love—oh, Henry, believe that I have never been unfaithful to you. I was forced to be silent, but in my heart you were remembered always Believe it! believe it! It breaks my heart to see you so moved—to hear you speak so bitterly!

"All this I heard—I, her husband, who worshipped her every look and smile. Great drops of agony rolled over my face. How gladly would I have laid down my life then—henceforth to be a curse to me. Had she trampled out my breath under her feet, the deed could not have been more cruel, heartless than this. I was mad with my woe, but it was a madness that held me mute. I could not face them, and tell her there of what I had heard. Death was in my heart against him. I am not sure but I should have murdered them both, had I gone to them then. Realizing the truth, I turned and fled.

"She came in half an hour later, and retired to her apartments without seeing me. I remained in the library, writing a farewell note, which I left upon my dressing-table. In the middle of the night, without seeing her again, I took Margaret and my little daughter from Moulton. We left quietly—making a straight and rapid journey to London. There I drew upon my bankers for a large sum of money, and prepared to leave England. Only for an illness of Margaret's, we should have sailed at once to the States; but I was compelled to engage another nurse while she was ill, and as she seemed but slowly to regain strength, I found a quiet country place, and left her there with you for some months. During that time I continued to wander about. That I might not become insane, I plunged into study. I practiced a favorite art, and produced one or two tolerable pictures. In my wanderings I found many which I brought here with me. The marble figure which you remember in the Blue Room, I designed in Italy—had it sculptured, and conveyed it here. I did it to ease the fearful torture I endured, which must find expression in something. When Margaret became strong enough to travel, I took my favorite pictures—a few choice books—the figure of Death, and set sail for America. For some time I wandered around ere I found this place. It was just what I wished, however, and it has since been my home. You have grown up in it, unsullied by the world, and I love it. But it has been a

lonely, dreary place, too. I had hoped for such a different life! Oh, child, where can truth be found! She was so young, so guileless in seeming. I staked my life on her love, and yet I lost. All that was best in me, she killed when she declared her love for another in my hearing. Would to God I had died then—nay, *before* I heard it. Death would have been a boon too sweet, soothed in dying by her tenderness."

My tears fell fast. What love breathed through those faltering words. With all the bitter wrong, it did not burn less brightly. This it was, which had blanched his hair and ploughed deep furrows in his brow and cheeks. I nestled closer to his side, and whispered.

"Cruel, cruel! But, oh, papa, you love her yet. How is it that you do not hate?"

"Child, I do, sometimes—fiercely—madly. But it will not last. I know it then, and it was for that reason I fled. Honor forbade me to tolerate her cruel deception, but I could not face her, and subject myself to her contrition. My love would have overcome my sense of right and self-respect. In my letter I told her everything, yielded up my estates to her, and reserving only what was necessary to myself, left her to follow her own inclinations."

He rose. In voice and manner, there was a change, as he said,

"Now you know all. From this night forth, think what you will, but say nothing. I cannot bear it."

"Only one thing more, papa. Where did you get those pictures of her?"

"One—the small one—I had painted soon after our marriage. I brought it away with me that night. The other I painted myself during the first years of my residence here."

We walked into the house slowly; his step was feeble and unsteady. Tears streamed over my face when he bent to kiss me good night. Waiting at the head of the stairs, I heard him enter his room and throw himself upon a couch with a moan. Then all was still. That night I never closed my eyes in slumber, but sitting at my window, looked out upon the dark mountains and the moonlit river until the day dawned.

When an hour beyond our usual breakfast time had slipped away, I ventured to my father's room, and found him lying feverish and insensible upon the bed. He had not undressed, but had thrown himself down upon entering his room the night before. Evidently he had not risen since that time.

Margaret went to Charleston for a physician. She was absent four days. What I suffered in that time is beyond description. Alone I watched with him, tending him in his paroxysms of delirium with a strength born of anguish. Youth and a matchless constitution aided me. I bore up well until the Doctor came, and between the two, Margaret and he relieved me. I gave myself up to rest for his sake, and as soon as I had gained enough to restore me, again took my place beside him till the danger was over, and the good old physician took his leave.

With him he took a letter that I was two night's penning. It was addressed to "Lady Bertha Moulton, Moulton Hall—England." The contents were to the effect that I knew all her past history—the fearful charges against her, which had driven a husband, who idolized her, from her side. A full direction for finding our hiding place was given, and in conclusion, I said, "If you can *prove* your innocence, which in my soul I believe you can do, *come to us at once.*"

That letter went its way. No word passed my lips concerning it. But a mighty hope—a mighty fear, struggled within my heart. Papa rallied slowly, and we gradually fell into the old ways again, with books, music, and rambling. I spent days in guiding his feeble steps about the limited grounds, striving to win back for him the strength he had lost. I wanted to see him smile again, as of old—that rare, beautiful smile which had never lighted his face once since the night we sat together upon west-cliff. I wanted him to be strong for a "coming time." But as the months rolled silently away, until half a year had gone without tidings, I began to despair, and my courage failing, left me weak—almost ill myself.

The winter had come and passed. Faint, sweet breathings of spring made the earth beautiful, and sent a richer tide of life through my veins. I was beginning to frequent my old favorite nooks again, when just at sunset one evening, I saw a little boat land under west-cliff, from which stepped a strange lady, robed in black. She lifted her head and gazed at the Castle among the rocks, earnestly. Then motioning the men who had rowed her, to remain where they were, began the ascent of the winding steps.

I crept from my perch amid the overhanging rocks, and with a fluttering heart, took my place at the top of the steps. She toiled up slowly, holding one hand tightly over her heart. I saw that the delicate form was emaciated—the face deathly pale. No change of time, however, could rob it of its matchless beauty. With a choking sensation, and eyes that swam in a bewildering mist, I waited there to receive my mother.

When near enough to touch her, she looked up and saw me—gave one low, sharp cry, and fell at my feet—not insensible, but eager and panting.

"My child! my child! Oh, God, how have I prayed for this hour. From my soul I thank Thee!"

I lifted her head to my bosom, held her there, and kissed her lips.

"*Mother.* Your presence here proves you innocent. But speak it quickly. Tell me that you have brought other proofs that will set his heart at rest!"

"I have. Oh, where is he? Take me to him!"

"Not yet. He does not know about my letter. Be patient. I will prepare him for your coming. Come with me."

Half lifting, half carrying her, we entered the house, and I led her to the Red Room. There I forced her to lie down upon a sofa, and went out softly.

In the Library I found my father. He was sitting before the picture, from which the velvet cover was drawn, gazing at it, while large tears were rolling over his cheeks. On my approach, he half rose hastily, then sank back again, a wan, weary smile upon his face.

"Oh, Astren, I would like, before dying, to see that face in life once more. To look upon it, one cannot realize guile and treachery."

"Papa, did it ever occur to you that you might have been too hasty in condemning? Had you asked her, she may have been able to explain it all to your satisfaction."

He shook his head.

"Do you forget what I saw and heard? What explanation could she have made that would have justified her in listening to and uttering such words as I heard?"

"Still you were too hasty, dearest papa." I persisted, softly twining my arms about his neck. "I do believe her innocent in spite of all you heard and saw. My heart tells me she was guilty of no evil toward you."

"I would give my life to believe it, Astren, but I cannot."

"Papa."

Oh, how my voice trembled. I could scarcely articulate the words that were on my lips.

"Well, child."

"May I prove to you that my mother was innocent? Will you let me try?"

He stared at me, then laughed a low, short, incredulous laugh.

"If you wish."

I rose, left the room hastily, and entered my mother's presence.

"Quick! give me the proofs you bring. He is waiting!"

She handed me a small package. I did not know what was in it, but took it from her hand and sped away, fearing that she would detain me. Going back to him, I laid it on his table before him, and darted away again—back to the Red Room to throw myself in my mother's arms, sobbing hysterically. She gathered me to her bosom passionately, rained tears and kisses upon my face, murmuring low, intense words of love.

Soon my father's voice called me. His foot sounded on the floor. He was coming to ask me where I obtained the proofs put in his hand. The excitement in his voice made me start up and hold my breath with suspense.

"Astren! Astren! where did you get these? Come hither quickly. Are you here, Astren?"

He staggered into the room, and groped his way toward me in the dim light. I took his hands and held them, while my voice shook with sobs.

"From her, papa—from my mother!"

"Child, you are mad! What are you saying? Your mother—your mother! Oh, it is I who am mad."

"Richard."

It was a faint, sweet, pleading voice. He started from my clasp with a sharp cry.

"Bertha! Bertha! Oh, Bertha, can it be?"

I saw the little dark figure glide into his arms—hear the sob that broke through her lips as he folded her with one great outcry of joy to his breast. Then I stole from the room and waited until they should seek me.

Of what use to say more, except that my mother's innocence was no longer doubted when he saw the account in a paper printed nearly fifteen years before, of her brother's unhappy death and the circumstances connected with it. He had been exiled for political reasons, and could visit his sister only with danger to his life. Being cast off by all save his sister, he clung to her love as his only salvation. Between her and his mother his name was not mentioned. For the sake of her peace, they had mutually agreed that the mother should not know of his presence in England, and she had met him in secret, supplying him with money for his needs. In their last fatal interview stung by his wrongs almost to madness, he had upbraided her bitterly. When he went away again, he became reckless, careless, and was finally detected, imprisoned for trial, and finally committed suicide.

Of course, my father's desertion was looked upon as mysterious. She tried every way to trace him and explain the cruel mistake, but fruitlessly. When my letter reached Moulton, it found her in despair, after long, fruitless, personal searches. It is needless to say that she at once prepared to set sail for the States, and sought us out in our stronghold.

A few weeks passed after the reunion. One night the alarm of fire was raised by Margaret. Cliff Castle had caught and burned some time ere it was discovered. We had time only to reach a spot of safety and watch the flames as they blazed up toward the sky. Nothing was saved but some money, with which we returned to England, bidding adieu to the mountains forever.

What an English Author says of English Girls.

What pretty girls! Greek profiles and *nez retrousses*, pale and florid, black, brown, gold and warmer auburn, there they sit in the front rows like a bed of flowers, all scarlet and white and blue, and it is worth while coming to the play if only to watch their lovely faces. The youth of English girls—for there are stages in girlhood, even before we come to the time when women are "old girls" by right—the first early blush and bloom of an English girl is something as like divine as humanity can attain. It is not only in the color and form, though both of these are so lovely, but in the shy, unspoken, and undeveloped nature lying like a sleeping child within the heart; in the love that has never been awakened, and that is just faintly stirring in the soul, unconscious of its own imprisoned life; in the instincts that would blush for themselves were they roused to confession and self-knowledge—it is in all this sweet and tender mystery of nature, this union of love and bashfulness, that the charm of the young English girl consists, and that gives her beauty such winning witchery. And this is what you may read in those lovely faces in the front row, whether the Saxon has left his mark on the golden head, or the Celt his on the ebon. Other races are more loving in their women, more instinctive, and more alluring; and some are as shy; but I do not know where there is the same mixture of both—the same sweetness of modesty and the same tenderness of love at one time. If there is a fault to find or a stone to fling, it is that this early bloom of soul so soon passes—it is that though English girls are so tender, English women are so often hard, and that the richness of the young love dries up and impoverishes and stiffens into absolute coldness. I fling these stones with a very feeble sling, and do not desire to hit even a ghost.

☞ Napkins have their etiquette. They are to be laid open on the knees, and *not* fastened to the waistcoat or button-hole. At the close of a meal, at home, you may fold your napkin and slip it into its ring, to serve for another occasion. Out, you must leave your napkin, wiped up or exactly as you have finished with it, on the table. To fold it would look as if you considered yourself one of the family, or at least on a staying visit.

☞ If our lady readers wish to know what is the most beautiful article introduced for ladies' wear in London this season, we can tell them that it is the Ariel mantle, shawl and Swiss mantilla.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLAUDE CLINTON, U. S. A.

Reader, were you ever lost in the woods? Were you ever hemmed in on a cold, freezing winter night, by a brigade of hungry, half famished wolves, howling hideously, and thirsting for your blood?

No—Then have you ever been the prey to a hideous night mare, in which horrors more terrible than the waking mind ever conceived of, haunted your harrowed imagination, until you were startled from the strange trance, screaming with terror?

Have you, once in a life time, stood upon the brink of some awful death, where but a hand's breadth of space was between you and eternity—your existence hanging by a hair, that a passing breath might snap asunder?

Yes—Then, in your conception of mental torture, you can approximate the sinking, sickening, bewildered, and despairing agony of one lost in the woods. But it will be but an approximation. Nothing but the horrible condition itself can realize a tithe of all the unnamed and indescribable terrors begotten of it.

Visiting a friend once, living in what was then the forest village, now the thriving town of Perrysburg, situated on the southern side, and at the head of navigation of the Maumee, or Miami of the Lakes, the fancy came over me one day to go out and shoot a deer.

The slaying of a deer in that region, and at that period, when instances of bears housing themselves in village cellars, panthers pouncing upon cows in the very heart of the town, and when nightly wolves rung the changes of their dismal howl along the rear of the river towns, were incidents too common to excite extraordinary comment. The simple slaying of a deer was a feat too insignificant to be dwelt upon, beyond the simple announcement of the act contemplated or accomplished.

So, when I announced at the dinner table my intention to my friend, Joshua Chapel, sheriff of Wood county, a native of the region, an experienced woodman and frontier ranger, his response was characteristic of the period and place:

"Humph!—yes, the animal will be easily enough found—but, take care, Lieutenant, that you do not get lost in the *Black Swamp.*"

Lost—*lost* in the woods! I was astonished. I looked sharply at the sheriff, to see if he was in earnest. He was; and I laughed derisively at the idea.

"Get l-o-s-t! Do you mean *me*, sheriff! Me—a Black Hawk ranger—a buffalo hunter—topographer by education—forester by intuition! Really, sheriff, you cannot be serious."

"Indeed I am, Mr. Clinton, and repeat my caution. Have a care you don't lose yourself in the Black Swamp."

"If I do, I'll report the fun of the thing this evening over our venison cutlets," and out I marched, with heavy western rifle, and accoutred with bullet pouch, powder horn, and hunting knife.

The day was a cold, raw one, within three days of Christmas. There was a light fall of snow, perhaps two inches, on the ground; the wind was blowing in strong gusts, and very wintry like, from due north, right across the Maumee, and right into the dense cotton wood forest, that had its front not above a quarter of a mile back from the river; and over head, sailed swiftly by, great masses of dull, greyish clouds. It was in all, a gloomy, uncomfortable day—just such a day, according to my opinion now, as those having no other out-door avocation than hunting up and shooting down a deer, had better spend in doors. But that was a good many years ago, and the woods, the wilderness was my ruling passion.

Two miles back from the river was a nearly circular opening, known as the *Willow Prairie*, though it is probable it was not a prairie, but the clearing of some early frontiersman, of so early a date that no traditional account of its origin remained. The extent of the opening was perhaps a hundred acres, grown over thickly with rank prairie grass, ten feet in height, with beaten cattle paths traversing it in many directions, and here and there clumps of willows had sprung up, while in the whole area there were a dozen great trees, in every instance scathed and dead.

When within the opening, perhaps two hundred yards, I sighted a famous buck away down one of the grassy vistas; but he was perfectly screened by some willow branches; and then the range was a very long one for any certainty of aim.

As the old fellow had sniffed danger, however, and tossed back his broad antlers in preparation for flight, that was my only opportunity, and, drawing a bead upon him with my heavy "Lansingburg," I unhitched.

Leaping forward, beyond the smoke of the rifle, I discovered at a glance that the deer had disappeared. Hurrying forward to where he had been standing, I found proof positive that he had been hit, and probably severely hurt. There was a wide spatter of blood on the snow, and arguing that bleeding at that rate, he could not go far, I started off at an Indian lope on the trail, which followed one of the cattle paths, directly into the woods on the south side of the prairie.

At the distance of perhaps a mile from the opening, I came upon a wide belt of woodland, where the soil had been recently turned up as thoroughly as if by the plough. The digging of the surface had been accomplished by an immense drove of wild hogs, which in these days swarmed in the Black Swamp; and was performed in search of a bulbous root something resembling potato, on which during the winter they subsist.

In this turned-up region, I lost the trail of my buck, and after wandering about for an hour in a vain search, I finally wandered out on the undisturbed snow surface on the southern side.

Here I stopped stock still for several minutes, endeavoring to decide whether I would return to the opening, and search for another deer, or strike away to the eastward, towards the road leading from Perrysburg towards Lower Sandusky. Just at the moment that I was about to say, "I'll go back to the prairie," it flashed upon my mind in a queer kind of conviction, that I was incapable of finding my way back. Then there followed such a physical and mental condition, as I believe nothing else under heaven, but being lost in the woods, can induce. There are no words in our language which by any arrangement we can make of them, are adequate to convey any just idea of the horrible sensation.

I remember that at first there was a nervous trembling, a dull, chilly numbness along the spine, an overwhelming, indefinite fear, and a violent, intermittent palpitation of the heart, with a profuse perspiration all over my person.

I could reason still, though as it will be seen, not in the least justly. In my Indian education I had learned that the moss is always found in greatest abundance on the north side of all our forest trees. So I said, "Oh, pshaw! I can go out of this trouble easily. I have only to take the moss for my guide, go north, and I shall go back to the river." Then I looked for my guiding star, and—lo, the order of nature was reversed. All the moss grew on the *south* side of the trees. Such at least, was my decision.

Then I said, "When I came into the woods the wind was blowing strong from the north; and now, if I march face to the wind, surely I shall go back to the town." I cast my eyes aloft and saw the heads of the majestic cottonwoods swayed and bowed by a mighty south wind.

I have no idea how long I remained standing there endeavoring to reason logically; for singular as it may seem, I was conscious all the time, that my conclusions were wrong; but at length I set off on a run, remembering soon after beginning my race, that I had neglected to reload my rifle after shooting at the deer, and though I knew well enough that in prudence I ought to do so, I said positively—"I will not!"

At length in my headlong flight, I came to a great cottonwood tree upturned by the roots, and which lodging upon some smaller trees, bent them down until its own trunk was some five feet from the ground, and there it remained. I was obliged to bow my head in passing under it, and I remember to have said in doing so, "All Jackson men will stoop here," and then laughed a sort of hyena howl at my oddly conceived political "*shibboleth.*"

It was not long till I came to a second lodged tree, with every feature about it precisely like the first. In bowing my head to pass under it, I observed a fresh foot print in the snow, and instantly I gave a tremendous bound, and a great shout of joy.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! There has passed a hunter here but a little in advance. Pull out bravely, and we shall soon overtake him."

So I pulled out bravely, and in a little time came to a *third* lodged tree, and in stooping, I discovered the tracks of the second hunter—

"Hurrah!" I shouted again, "the hunters have joined here—the tracks are fresher—I shall soon be up with them!"

But suddenly I stopped short in my race. An idea occurred. Placing my foot in the tracks carefully, I found that my boot fitted exactly. They were my own tracks, and I had been running around in a circle.

Then I stood straight up, and began to reason, without reason. I said, "I'll run to the left, that will bring me to the river." Which *was* the left! I was confounded. I tried to recollect which hand I wrote with, or threw a stone with, and could not; which shoulder I held my rifle to, or which eye I shut in sighting it; I could determine nothing. Then fixing my eyes on the peculiar shape of a great tree, as far off as I could see in the forest, I kept them there, and ran again. I arrived at the tree in a right line, and the charmed circle was broken. Keeping on beyond the tree, I soon came to a dead Indian—or rather the fragments of one; for he was horribly mangled; and all about him on the trampled, bloody snow, was scattered his hunter's gear—rifle broken, and barrel bent; the haft, and two inches of blade of his hunting-knife, the bullet pouch, powder-horn, and bloody, rent blanket. Then there was a broad, bloody trail in the snow, leading away from the sickening scene; and after a brief pause, I darted along it. Not very far; for within a half mile, I should think, I came upon the carcass of a monstrous bear, but just dead, the tomahawk of the Indian still fixed in his cloven skull, great gaping cuts all over his body, his abdomen ripped up, and the entrails trailed along the ground full five yards from the body, and they had been broken and dragged out in his flight. The hunter and the hunted, had met a common fate.

Wrenching the tomahawk from the skull of the dead bear, I started off again on a long loping run, flourishing the bloody hatchet, and whooping like an Indian, having no idea, and now as little care whither I was running to.

Thus I continued my race, until some time after dark, when suddenly I started with a leap like that of the flying elk. Away off in the woods, to one side of me, and considerably off from my trail, there rang the long drawn out wailing cry of a wolf. In a few moments the call was answered by another on the other hand, and something nearer. Then, in a little time, there came the third and fourth and fifth, and so on to the twentieth yelping cry, until all the forest was vocal with the devilish howling of the gaunt, merciless fiends.

Merciful God! I was flanked, should he run down at last and torn into shreds by the yelling, hunger-driven brutes. I remembered my empty rifle and laughed a dry, hacking laugh, like the cachination of an idiot. "I will not load it!" I boasted, like a silly fool. "No, not if every wolf on earth were at my heels. I'll fight the brutes, when it comes to fight, with this bloody hatchet. But I'll run till overtaken;" and run I did, like a hunted antelope.

Thicker, faster, nearer, more furious came the yelling pack, falling gradully in behind me, and it was not long until I could hear their sharp, sniffling yelps, and even the patter of their feet upon the snow; and once or twice I turned my head and caught the gleaming of their flashing eyes following close in my wake.

Desperately I pressed on, until the foremost of the pack were at my very heels, when suddenly I ran headlong against some dark barricade stretched across my path, and looming up there in the darkness like a black wall. Instantly I went scrambling up and over it, discovering as I did so that it was one of those solid, uncouth fences of piled up logs with which the western pioneer often surrounded their fields.

Tumbling inwards from the top of the log fence, I went sprawling down in among some queer, hard knobby things, and as I lay there prostrate and panting, I could hear the savage brutes whet their heads against the log barrier, against which they recklessly ran; and I lay there and laughed at their whimpering yelps, and at the same time I groped about me with my left hand, seeking to discover what those queer, hard knobs were that I had fallen among. They were small cabbage heads, frozen as solid as ice itself.

Chipping off with the bloody hatchet several of the heads, scarcely so large as my two fists, and thrusting one into either pocket of my hunting coat, I fell to gnawing away at the third, at the same moment that my attention was called to my enemies on the other side of the fence.

Wolves are invariably sneaking cowards, suspicious of all unusual appearances, seldom, unless driven by severe hunger, venturing within any hailmore; and the whole yelling hordes that had been so clamorously following me were now snapping, snarling, whimpering and yelping at each other, beyond the barrier of logs.

At length one great, gaunt monster, that must have been exceedingly hungry, uttered a fierce howl, and leaping up, he clung his fore paws over the top log, bringing his frothing jaws, white gleaming fangs and fiery eyes within two feet of my face, as I stood there grasping in my left hand the frozen cabbage head, and wielding in the right the Indian's tomahawk, prepared for battle.

The wolf was scrambling with his hind claws to help himself up and over the barrier; when swallowing my mouthful of icy cabbage, and giving tongue in a wild, ringing war whoop, I swung the hatchet high above my head and brought its keen edge down with all my might upon the animal's skull, sinking the blade in his brain to the very *eye.*

The brute fell back with a dull thud, and in an instant a pyramid of his kindred fiends were upon him, rending and devouring, while his brute heart still palpitated with life.

The carnival of blood was inaugurated, and in my mad bewilderment, I was as eager for the fray as the famishing, four-footed devils themselves. I screamed, and whooped, and laughed; and leaping up on the log barricade, I defied the miserable cowards, daring them to come up and try to eat me; and when some great beast, bolder, or more famished than his fellows would accept the challenge, and leap at my face, as I bent down over the wall of logs, I would drive the steel into his foaming muzzle, sending him shrieking back among the yelping crew swarming beneath.

Thus the revel went on, I have little idea how long; but I know I was all the while munching the frozen cabbage, and laughing boisterously, and most horribly afraid of the fate I was so recklessly tempting.

There was not one atom of more! courage in all my mad bravado. It was only that utter desperation that sometimes compels us to face unflinchingly dangers from which we know there is no escape.

But a reversion of feeling suddenly came upon me; and with a cry of terror, I leaped down and began groping for my rifle. As I was stooping some opaque object rose between my eyes and the sky, which was now clear.

"A house! *a house!*" I cried out; and having found my rifle, I snatched it from the ground, and sped away in the direction of the dark body, which seemed to be in the centre of a cleared field of perhaps twenty acres, and situated on a little knoll.

It was a house as I had declared it, or rather a strongly built squatter's hut, of logs, having a heavy plank door, two small windows high from the ground, and as a hasty, outside survey assured me, in good repair, and entirely defensible.

I had small leisure, however, for outside surveys, for the wolves, gathering courage by my retreat, had entered the clearing, and were sweeping on again in full cry towards the hut, which was uninhabited.

Entering, and securing the door with the strong transverse bars attached to it, I struck a light directly, built a roaring fire from the huge pile of wood that I found ready cut in one corner, and then, having assured myself that there was no possible ingress for the ferocious brutes that were tramping about the hut, sniffling, snapping and howling, and frequently digging furiously with their claws at the mud daubing, filling the interstices between the logs, I amused myself for an hour or so—having taken a more rational thought, and loaded my rifle, by popping over occasionally a great gaunt gray back from some favoring loop-hole, or hacking with my tomahawk at the grinning muzzle of some audacious fellow, as he thrust it into some chink, from which he had dug the mortar.

Then, wearying of such pastime, and more than wearied with my forest race, and night's exercise, I lay down before the fire and slept profoundly throughout the few remaining hours of the night; awaking as the sun shone in upon me through numerous chinks, entirely free from that horrible feeling of utter bewilderment, but so weak and exhausted, that my tramp to the nearest house—not two miles distant, occupied two hours; and it was quite six months before I entirely recovered from the effects of getting lost in the woods.

Heartlessness of Ladies who are Fond of Dress.—The London Telegraph says:—Many ladies have to learn a little patience, a little charity, a little consideration for the feelings of those who occupy stations humbler than theirs. That lady mentioned in the Report of the "Children's Employment Commissioners" who ordered a sonave jacket, elaborately trimmed—*ordered it late at night, and insisted that it should be ready at two o'clock the next day, because she had at that hour to attend a meeting of the Early Closing Association*—may have been quite unaware of the fact, but she was, to all intents and purposes, a worse than Carolinian slave-driver, a worse than Egyptian task-mistress. The silly vanity, the overweening love of luxury and display, the impatience, the thoughtlessness, and sometimes the utter heartlessness of those who sacrifice to the cruel idol of Fashion, are the elements which cause the cup of sorrow of the milliners and dressmakers to overflow. If ladies would wear fewer dresses, would order them in time, and pay for them on delivery instead of running long bills, we should hear no more of White Slavery at the West End.

"I Find Thee Art!"—(Shakspeare.)—One night at a supper party, where Burton was present, the conversation turned, as it often does, on the fact that scarcely a circumstance happens in life to which Shakspeare does not supply something appropriate. "I don't know that," said some one present; "for instance," said he, pointing to the gas in the room, which did not burn very brilliantly, "does he say anything about the monopoly of those rascally and extortionate gas companies?" "Certainly," said Burton, "don't he say in Hamlet, 'More light, ye knaves!'"

☞ A Presbyterian Church in Edinburg is shaped like a fan; at one end it is forty feet in width; at the other, one hundred and sixteen feet wide. The aisles radiate from the pulpit, which is, at the narrow end, like the spokes of a wheel. The seats are arranged in three tiers, one tier being nine feet above the other.

Taste of the French Empress.

The Empress Eugenie exhibits taste in everything, and contrives to impart a new grace to her new *role* of Empress Regent. She recently took advantage of the presentation of the new Turkish Embassador to appear before the bewildered functionary in all the pomp of Imperial grandeur, seated on the throne, which is covered with crimson velvet, embroidered in bees of gold. The back of the high chair is surmounted by the Imperial crown, so highly burnished that it seemed to detach itself from the frame. Her Majesty, who studies the value of color, wears upon this background, not the mantle of Imperial purple, which should, by strict tradition, be donned on occasions of great ceremonial, but the long train of emerald green velvet, richly embroidered in gold, which, falling from the shoulders, is drawn by its own weight away from the waist, leaving the outline of the figure pure and well defined.

The petticoat worn by Her Majesty is of white satin, covered with innumerable bouffans of tulle, and looped with diamond tags. So particular is she in the observance of the rules of good taste and artistic effect, that on the day previous to any grand representation of the kind a rehearsal with her ladies and tire-women invariably takes place at the same hour as that which has been appointed for the reception, so that the light may be modified according to the tone of the colors worn on the occasion, in order that the most perfect harmony may be produced, and nothing harsh or grating be visible. The blinds are arranged according to the height of the sun at that hour, and remain as they are placed until the morrow. Nothing is achieved without care and pains, but in cases like the present, where the result is so successful, neither are to be regretted.

Some people are astonished to behold the faint, the very faint rose tint of the lining of the Imperial mantle. This, too, has been studied, and was adopted in consequence of the pure white having been found too raw and tranchant against the crimson back-ground. Her Majesty does not wear the Imperial crown; it is placed on the table beside her. Her *coiffure* is, however, the Imperial diadem, of brilliants considered unique in the universe, brought rather more over the forehead than formerly, in consequence of the gradual widening of the parting, which now leaves an inconvenient space on the summit of the head. The hair is arranged in two puffs, seeming in their softness of tone to be made of molten gold, and the light from the window being artistically brought upon the head, the exquisite color of her Majesty's hair is displayed to the best advantage. Altogether, it would be scarcely possible to behold a face and figure better calculated to display the grace and distinction and all the ideal attributes of royalty.

LET A PUPPY BE ATTACHED TO A EWE!—In the course of some conversation in relation to dogs, Governor Anderson, of Ohio, related a Texan practice in training dogs with sheep. A pup is taken from its mother before its eyes are opened, and put with a *ewe* to suckle. After a few times the ewe becomes reconciled to the pup, which follows her like a lamb, grows up among and remains with the flock, and no wolf, man, or strange dog can come near the sheep, and the dog will bring the flock to the fold regularly at half-past seven o'clock, P. M., if you habitually feed him at that hour."

☞ ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S FUNERAL.—The funeral procession of Abraham Lincoln in the length of its passage, in the number of mourners, in solemnity, depth and extent of grief, is said by Americans to have surpassed all that preceded it. The one that came nearest to it in previous history was that of Alexander the Great, whose body was borne on a golden chariot from Babylon in Asia to Alexandria in Egypt.

☞ Religion removes those little desires which are "the constant hectic of a fool."

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN. HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 30 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market is firm. Flour—Sales 10,000 bbls. at $6@6,75 for low grade and good superfine, $6,50@7,50 for extras, $7,37½@8,50 for extra family, and $8,75 to 10 ℔ bbl. for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is firm at $5 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts and stocks of Wheat are light; sales 45,000 bushels at $1,60@1,70 for inferior and good new reds; $1,72@1,80 for old do., the latter for southern, and $1,90@2 for white. Rye is selling at $1,05@1,10. Corn—Sales of 30,000 bus yellow at 95@96c. Oats—Sales of 28,000 bushels are reported at 68@70c for Southern and Pennsylvania, and 60@65c for new.

PROVISIONS—The market for the hog product generally continues firm. Of bbld Meats the sales are limited at $30@31 for Mess Pork, $16@18 for plain and extra Mess Beef, and $32@33 ℔ bbl for Beef Hams. Bacon; sales of Hams at 26@30c, the latter for fancy bagged, and Shoulders at 16½@17½c. Green Meats; sales of salt and pickled Hams at 20@23c; Shoulders in salt at 15@17c, and Sides at 16½c. Lard; sales of bbls and tcs at 21@22c, and kegs at 23@24c. Butter is selling at 20 to 27c for fair and choice Penna and Western. Goshen is held at 30 to 33c. Cheese is worth 15 to 17c ℔ ℔. Eggs are selling at 24 to 25c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—The market is unsettled. Sales reach 750 bales at equal to 48@55c for middling and good middling quality.

BARK—Sales of 50 hhds Quercitron at $32½ for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark is unchanged.

BEESWAX sells at 48@50c.

COAL—Orders come in more freely. Prices range at $6@6,75 ℔ ton, on board at Richmond.

FEATHERS are selling at 63@65c ℔ ℔.

HAY is quoted at $90@92 ℔ ton.

HOPS are unchanged at 25@45c ℔ ℔.

IRON—There is rather more inquiry for Pig Metal; sales of 2000 tons Anthracite, at $34@33 for No 2, and $36@37 for No 1.

LUMBER—The market is dull. White Pine Boards sell slowly at $27@29; Yellow Sap do $25@26; Lehigh Hemlock $18@19; and Raft do at $12@15 ℔ M.

MOLASSES—About 600 hhds have been disposed of at 38c for clayed Cuba; 46@50c for Muscovado; and 74c for Porto Rico, chiefly for the former.

PLASTER ranges at $3½@3¾ ℔ ton.

SEEDS are quiet; sales of $15@16 for Clover, and $5,50@6 ℔ bus for Timothy. Flaxseed is quoted at $2,40@2,45 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firmer and rather more active. N E Rum is steady at $2,30 to 2,35. Whiskey; sales of 700 bbls in lots at $2,14 to 2,16.

SUGARS—Sales 1700 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 12@13c, and 600 bbls Sugar-house at 12@12½c.

TALLOW—Sales at 10¾@11¼c for rendered.

WOOL—Sales 450,000 lbs are reported in lots at from 60 to 70c for low to medium and fine fleece, including common Western at 55@56c, as to condition; choice old clips at 72@75c, and tub at 65@70c ℔ ℔.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1300 head. The prices realized from $13,00 to 18,50 ℔ 100 lbs. 1200 Hogs at from $13 to 16,00 ℔ 100 lbs. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 5½ to 6½c ℔ ℔. 120 Cows brought from $25 to $70 ℔ head.

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. —Chloasma, or Mothpatch (also called Liverspot) and Lentigo, or Freckles, are often very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, for the discolored spots show more plainly on the face of a blonde than of a brunette, but they greatly mar the beauty of either, and any preparation that will effectually remove them, *without injuring the texture or color of the skin*, is certainly a desideratum. Dr. B. C. PERRY, who has made diseases of the skin a speciality, has discovered a remedy for these discolorations which is at once prompt, infallible, and harmless.

Wholesale in Philadelphia by JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, 23 North SIXTH Street, and by DYOTT & CO., 232 North SECOND Street.

Prepared only by B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, No. 49 Bond Street, New York, and for sale by all Druggists. Price, $2 per bottle. Call for PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.

For further information address Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 BOND street, NEW YORK. ja17-3m

PATIENTS BROUGHT TO THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE by disease of the lungs CAN BE SAVED by COD LIVER OIL.

Of entirely pure and of the best quality, *but not otherwise*. John C. Baker & Co.'s medicinal transparent Cod Liver Oil has the sanction of the leading incorporated medical institutions of this country. There is none comparable to it. Manufactured and sold by John C. Baker & Co., No. 718 Market street, Philadelphia. Price $1 per bottle. Letters from the country receive attention. For sale by all druggists. my6-3m

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!—Protect your Health!—No sensible man will leave the city without a supply of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. For Wounds, Bruises, Sores, Fevers and Dysentery, these medicines are the best in the world. Every English and French soldier uses them. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 35 cents, 88 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1.18. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th of May, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. DONNETSO FELIX to Miss LETITIA PORCH.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr. JOHN GLENN to Miss ANNIE TROUTT, both of this city.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. SAMUEL STORY to Miss MARY J. CRESSIN, both of this city.

On the 18th of Sept last, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. WILLIAM E. WOOTERS to Miss AGNES VICKERSTAFF, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. WILLIAM S. ATKINSON to Miss LOUISA BAKER, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. A. H. MURPHY to Miss H. BOYLE, both of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, ALEXANDER PATTON to Miss KATE MCCROSSEN, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, BENJAMIN H. SHOEMAKER to ANNIE HOFFMAN, both of this city

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, Mr. JAMES ATWOOD, aged 78 years.

On the 18th instant, ALEXANDER P. GREINER, in his 23d year.

On the 17th instant, JOHN E. PETERMAN, in his 43d year.

On the 17th instant, Miss ANNIE CAMPBELL, in her 22d year.

On the 17th instant, PHILIP PRICE, in his 75th year.

On the 16th instant, CATHARINE SHEPPARD.

On the 16th instant, GEORGE ROBERTSON, in his 61st year.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE DILLON, aged 70 years.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. MARY JOHNSTON, in her 70th year.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE BOWER, in her 77th year.

On the 12th instant, Mr. BENJAMIN SUPLEE, in his 57th year.

1865. CARD FOR NEW YEAR. 1865.
EYRE & LANDELL.
ESTABLISHED IN 1840.
We always adhere to good Goods, and depend on fair dealing for patronage.
GOOD STOCK OF SILK GOODS.
GOOD STOCK OF DRESS GOODS.
SHAWLS AND STAPLE GOODS.
mar18-1y

NATATORIUM AND PHYSICAL INSTITUTE,
BROAD ST., BELOW WALNUT.
SWIMMING DEPARTMENT.
REDUCTION OF SEASON TICKETS!
On and after the 17th July the season swimming tickets and season instruction tickets will be reduced 33⅓ per cent. WM. JANSEN.

JAVA,
MANILLA,
RIO COFFEE,
SPICES,
Splendid Nutmegs,
&c., &c.
HENRY CHAPMAN,
932 ARCH STREET, PHILADA.
jy 15-3t

CATARRH!
GREATEST REMEDIALS OF THE AGE
WM. R. PRINCE, Flushing, N. Y., having discovered the origin of this direful disease, and the only positive remedy therefor, will mail his Treatise to applicant who send ten cents and stamp. jy29-2t

LOVE! LOVE!—The secret how to gain undying love of the fair sex. Sent by mail for 5 cts. Address J. F. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills.

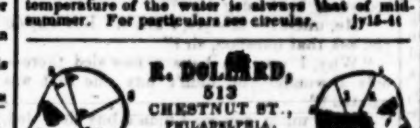
DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau street, New York City.

Rates of Advertising.
Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

HUMPHREY'S
SPECIFIC HOMŒPATHIC REMEDIES
HAVE PROVED, from the most ample experience, an *Entire Success*—Simple, Prompt, Efficient, and Reliable. They are the only medicines perfectly adapted to popular use. They have received the highest praise from the profession, the press, and the people, and will always render satisfaction.
Price of Single Boxes—Cents.
[illegible]
FAMILY CASES.
Case of 35 vials, in morocco case, Book complete $10 00
Case of Twenty large vials, in morocco, and Book 6 00
Case of Twenty large vials, plain case, and Book 5 00
Case of Fifteen boxes (Nos. 1 to 15,) and Book 3 00
☞ These REMEDIES, by the case or the single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, free of charge, on the receipt of the price. Address,
Humphrey's Specific Homœpathic Medicine Co., Office and Depot, No. 562 Broadway, N. York.
Dr. HUMPHREYS is consulted daily at his office, personally or by letter, as above, for all forms of disease.
Dyott & Co., Philadelphia, Wholesale Dealers. Retailed by all Philadelphia Druggists.
For Sale by all Dealers in Medicine everywhere. may 27-3m

P. S. PETERSON & Co.,
(Late Withers & Peterson,)
39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA.
STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.
STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.
7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.
All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.
UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.
Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.
DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points. my6-1y

PHILADELPHIA
NATATORIUM AND PHYSICAL INSTITUTE,
Broad Below WALNUT, Philadelphia.
Swimming-School for Children, Ladies, and Gentlemen.
The Swimming Department of the above Institution is now in full operation. Dr. Jansen's System of Instruction is easy, pleasant, and very successful. Ladies or gentlemen contemplating to visit the seashore not having learned to swim yet are invited to a visit. From 6 to 10 lessons will enable them to become good swimmers by continued practice. The temperature of the water is always that of midsummer. For particulars see circular. jy15-4t



R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.
Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.
Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no8-eowly

HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia. A World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer, THOMAS J. HUSBAND, my12-3m Philadelphia.

$125 A MONTH!—AGENTS WANTED everywhere to introduce the improved *Shaw & Clark $20 Family Sewing Machine*, the only low price machine in the country which is *licensed* by Grover & Baker, Wheeler & Wilson, Howe, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. *All other machines now sold for less than forty dollars each are infringements, and the seller and user are liable to fine and imprisonment.* Salary and expenses, or large commission, allowed. Illustrated circulars sent *free*. Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine. my13-3m

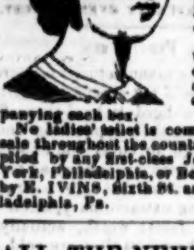
$70 A MONTH!—I want Agents everywhere, at $70 a Month, expenses paid, to sell *Fifteen Articles*, the best selling ever offered. Full particulars *free*. Address OTIS T. GAREY, Biddeford, Maine. my13-3m

SEND 5 CENTS to Box 3346, St. Louis, Mo., for OUR SEALED CIRCULAR. jy15-4t

A LADY who has been cured of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 368, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. ja10-10

FIRST PREMIUM
IMPROVED
$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5
THE EMBODIMENT OF
PRACTICAL UTILITY AND
EXTREME SIMPLICITY.
Patented May 13th, 1862, (improvement patented June 9th, 1863.) The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty, is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, sews with DOUBLE OR SINGLE THREAD. Makes the Running Stitch more *perfect* and *regular*, than by hand and with extraordinary rapidity. Will *Gather, Hem, Ruffle, Shirr, Tuck, Run up Breadths, &c., &c.*; requires no *Lubrication or Change of Stitch*—is NOT LIABLE TO GET OUT OF ORDER, and will last a LIFETIME.
"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*
"It uses a common needle, sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a child can use it."—*New York Independent.*
"With single or double thread, it silently, yet very rapidly, with a common needle, makes the running stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*New York Tribune.*
Single machines sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions on receipt of the price, $5. Agents wanted everywhere. Circular containing Liberal Inducements sent Free.
All orders must be addressed to
FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO.,
ja28-3m Office, 102 Nassau St., New York.

WHAT MATCHLESS BEAUTY
Lingers on every glossy wave and riplet of her lovely hair.



IVINS'
PATENT
HAIR
CRIMPERS
For crimping and waving ladies' hair. *No heat used and no injury to the hair.* They are put up in beautifully lithographed boxes containing one sett (1 doz.) assorted lengths, with full directions for use accompanying each box.
No ladies' toilet is complete without them. For sale throughout the country. Retailers will be supplied by any first-class Jobber of Notions in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston. Manufactured only by E. IVINS, Sixth St. and Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. jy8-1y

ALL THE NEW SHEET MUSIC
And Music Books
Mailed, post-paid, on receipt of price. Catalogues of upwards of Twenty-five Thousand Pieces and Five Hundred Books, comprising every variety of Instructions and Music for the Voice and every Musical Instrument, will be sent free to any one on application, by
OLIVER DITSON & Co., Music Publishers,
jy29-tf 277 Washington St., Boston.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.
DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

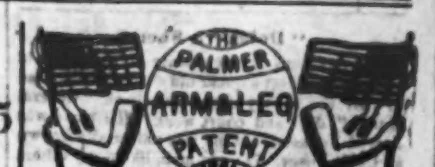
USE OF TOBACCO
In all its forms CURED AND PREVENTED. The medicine sent free, by mail, for FIFTY CENTS—five for TWO DOLLARS, by DAY & SON,
ap 1-13t New Haven, Conn.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,
Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE for $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
dec 17-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

$6 FROM 50 CENTS.
Call and examine something urgently needed by everybody, or sample will be sent free by mail for 50 cents, that retail for $6. R. L. WOLCOTT,
feb18-1y No. 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

CURL YOUR HAIR.
Samples of Prof. Robb's CURLIQUE sent free. It beats the world. It will curl the straightest hair the first application in soft, luxuriant, beautiful flowing ringlets. Samples sent free. Address, with stamp, Prof. B. ROBB, *Parkman, Ohio.* jy-4t

AGENTS WANTED.—$10 per day clear profit. For particulars, enclose red stamp to J. W. STEPHENS, 239 Broadway, New York. jy22-3m



B. FRANK PALMER,
SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.
This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgeon-Artistic operations.
The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession of this House, and conduct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of gold and silver medals (50 "First Prizes" won over all competitors, in the principal cities of the world), attest the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*
Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for persons in want of limbs, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.
The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.
All former partnerships have expired by limitation.
Address B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oc29-ly 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

COFFEE! COFFEE!
A RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.
To answer the numerous inquiries, "Why I advertise Coffee roasted without Water or Lard?" I will explain the difference of my mode of Roasting Coffee—except one point—and that pursued by all others, thus:
The system here is to put the Coffee into the Cylinder, and BURN—literally true—it as fast as possible. While the Coffee is thus ready to ignite, and often burned black, a large quantity of water is then thrown on it, which, being converted into steam, liberates any virtue left in the Coffee by such miserable method. Many may ask, What is the reason for all this? which is easily explained.
Water Cools the Coffee rapidly, and allows them to return it in shorter time. The dealers are suited also, because they get back the Coffee from the Roaster—Burner at a trifling loss—the Water restoring the weight lost by burning.
The Water places the Roaster in the position to do a large amount of burning—on time. Twenty to twenty-five minutes is the usual time they allow for burning.
HENRY CHAPMAN'S system is this—except one point not divulged—Forty minutes is the time which my Coffee gets, and is then cooled without Water or Lard—thus retaining all the natural oil of the berry and flavor—not having been drawn or the strength evaporated by dashing Water on the heated berry. The Grease which others put on is to restore this natural Oil.
HENRY CHAPMAN,
932 ARCH STREET, PHILADA.
jy 15-3t

CONQUER EARLY!
The tendency to grayness by promptly attacking
THAT GREAT ENEMY
to personal beauty, with the most popular article of the day,
CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,
which, like SHERMAN'S LEGION, "knows no such word as fail." Under its application
THE BLACKS COME OUT
brilliantly, and the browns of every shade appear.
Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers.
Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size.
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative
Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.
Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. jy29-2teow

INNOCENT BUT POTENT.—BRANDRETH'S PILLS.—The Never-Failing Remedy, whose fame for purifying the blood, is now extended to every part of the Civilized World, and should be in the possession of every one who values health. One or two doses in the commencement, how many days or weeks of sickness may they not prevent? Four Pills in the beginning, is more efficacious than forty doses when the disease is established.
MAN would be happy, compared to what has hitherto been his lot, if, when sick, he at once took BRANDRETH'S PILLS. He would not then be weighed down by long attacks of disease. The weak, the feeble, the infirm, the nervous, the delicate, are in a few days strengthened by the operation, and the worst complaints are removed by perseverance. Adapted to all circumstances and situations, they are the best medicine for families, or to take to sea—preventing scurvy and costiveness, requiring no change of diet, particular regimen, or care against taking cold.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.
Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. jy29-2teow

"PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT HOME." Reading the Scriptures to his family; Portraits of President Johnson, Gens Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan. These are beautiful lithograph engravings. Size 16x20 inches. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 30 cents each, $2.40 per dozen, $17 per 100. Address RICHARDS & ROCHE, 101 Division St., NEW YORK CITY. jy22-2t

"HOW 'TIS DONE."—Whiskers in 6 weeks. Gambling exposed. Fortune-telling. Ventriloquism, &c. 100 great secrets. Free for 25 cts. Address HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H. jy22-2t

WIT AND HUMOR.

"Doing" a Sheriff.

Many persons in the county of Hall, state of Georgia, recollect a queer old customer who used to visit the county site regularly on "General Muster" days and court week. His name was Joseph Johnson, but he was universally known as Uncle Josey. The old man, like many others of that and the present day, loved his dram, and was apt, when he got among "the boys" in town, to take more than he could conveniently carry. His inseparable companion on all occasions was a black pony, who rejoiced in the name of "General Jackson," and whose disinterestedness and sagacity were alike remarkable.

One day, while court was in session in the little village of Gainesville, the attention of the Judge and bar was attracted by a rather unusual noise at the door. Looking toward that aperture, "his honor" discovered the aforesaid pony and rider deliberately entering the Hall of Justice. This, owing to the fact that the floor of the court-house was nearly on a level with the ground, was not difficult.

"Mr. Sheriff," said the Judge, "see who is creating such a disturbance of this court."

"It's only Uncle Josey and Gin'ral Jackson, Judge," said the intruder, looking up with a drunken leer, "jest me an' the Gin'ral come to see how you an' the boys is gettin' along."

"Well, Mr. Sheriff," said the Judge, totally regardless of the interest manifested in his own and the lawyers' behalf, by Uncle Josey, "you will please collect a fine of ten dollars from Uncle Josey and the General, for contempt of court."

"Look-a-here, Judge, old feller," continued Uncle Josey, as he stroked the "Gin'ral's" mane, "you don't mean to say it, now do yer? This child hain't had that much money in a coon's age, and as for the Gin'ral here, I know he don't deal in no kind of quine, which he hain't done, 'cept fodder and corn, for these many years."

"Very well, then, Mr. Sheriff," continued his honor, "in default of the payment of the fine, you will convey the body of Joseph Johnson to the county jail, there to be retained for the space of twenty-four hours."

"Now, Judge, you ain't in right down good yearnest, is you? Uncle Josey hain't never been put into that there boardin' house yet, which he don't want to be, neither," appealed the old man, who was apparently too drunk to know whether it was a joke or not.

"The sheriff will do his duty immediately," was the Judge's stern reply, who began to tire of the old man's drunken insolence.

Accordingly, Uncle Josey and the "Gin'ral" were marched off toward the county prison, which stood in a retired part of the village. Arriving at the door, the prisoner was commanded by the sheriff to "light."

"Look-a-here, Jess, horse-fly, you aint a gwine to put yer old Uncle Josey in there, is yer?"

"'Bliged to do it, Uncle Josey," replied the sheriff; "ef I don't, the old man (the Judge) will give me *pass* when I go back. I hate it powerful, but I must do it."

"But, Jess, couldn't you manage to let the old man git away? Thar ain't nobody here to see you. Now do, Jess; you know how I *fit* for you, in that last run you had 'long er Jim Smith, what like to a beat you for sheriff, which he would a done it, if it hadn't been for your Uncle Josey's influence."

"I know that, Uncle Josey, but thar ain't no chance. My oath is very pinted against allowin' anybody to escape. So you must go in, cos thar ain't no other chance."

"I tell you what it is, Jess, I'm afeard to go in thar. Looks too dark and dismal."

"Thar ain't nothing in thar to hurt you, Uncle Josey, which thar hain't been for nigh about six months."

"Yes, thar is, Jess, you can't fool me that a-away. I knew thar is something in thar to ketch the old man."

"No thar ain't, I pledge you my honor thar ain't."

"Well, Jess, if thar ain't, you just go in and see, and show Uncle Josey that you ain't afeard."

"Certainly, I ain't afeard to go in."

Saying which, the sheriff opened the door, leaving the key in the lock. "Now, Uncle Josey, what did I tell you? I know'd thar wan't nothin' in thar.,'

"Maybe thar ain't where you are standin', but jest let's see you go up into that dark place, in the corner."

"Well, uncle Josey," said the unsuspecting sheriff, "I'll satisfy you thar ain't nothing thar either," and he walked toward the "dark corner." As he did so, the old man dexterously closed the door and locked it.

"Hello! thar," yelled the frightened officer, "none o' yer tricks, Uncle Josey; this is carryin' the joke a cussed sight too far."

"Joke! I ain't a jokin', Jess; never was more in yearnest in my life. Thar ain't nothin' in thar to hurt you, though, that's one comfortation. Jest hold on a little while, and I'll send some of the boys down to let you out."

And before the "sucked in" sheriff had recovered from his astonishment, the pony and his master were out of hearing.

Uncle Josey, who was not as drunk as he appeared, stopped at the grocery, took a drink, again mounted the Gin'ral, and called the keeper of the grocery to him—at the same time drawing the key of the jail from his pocket. "Here, Jeems, take this are key, and if the old man or any of them boys up thar at the Court House inquires after Jess Ranion, the sheriff, just you give 'em this key and my compliments, and tell 'm Jesse is safe. Ketch 'em takin' in old Uncle Josey, will yer? Git up, Gin'ral, these boys here won't do to trust; so we'll go into the country, whar people's honest if they is poor."

The sheriff, after an hour's imprisonment, was released, and severely reprimanded by the Judge, but the sentence of Uncle Josey was never executed, as he never troubled the court again, and the Judge thought it useless to imprison him with any hope of its affecting the slightest reform.

☞ A Dutchman, a few days ago, picked up a bound volume of documents, on the back of which was stamped, "Fab Doca." "Tuyfel" said he, "vat kind of pooks vill dey brint next? As I liv have in one on *pup tops*."

☞ The coroner's jury having sat on the body of a young lady who had hung herself in a fit of love frenzy, brought in their verdict: "*Died by a visitation of Cupid.*"

A PRETTY PUZZLE.

"Now, dear, I bet you anything you can't tell which is the front of my new bonnet?"

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ARTIFICIAL FERTILIZERS.

There are, among the manufactured manures, about four that we would not accept as a gift in any quantity, and be obliged to haul them five miles. We don't believe their application would benefit the land enough to cover the expense, even at that rate. There are about as many more patent, puffed articles that are tolerably fair fertilizers—nothing extraordinary, when we come down to bare facts; worth, actually, a great deal less than the prices they are sold at. Then there are other manipulated and manufactured manures, that we know nothing about, practically. They may be very good, or utterly worthless, for all we know for or against them. But there is one thing we *do* know, and beg leave to remind the farmer of the fact—that is, that the published certificates of enthusiastic agriculturists and celebrated analytical chemists in favor of any manufactured manure, are the slenderest kind of books to hang our confidence upon. It is the easiest thing imaginable for any liberal, enterprising manufacturer to obtain first class chemical certificates to the value of their commodities. As to the certificates of practical farmers, let us illustrate:

A few years since, we had a friend who was possessed of a mania for eating and drinking all manner of quack nostrums. Every few days he imagines himself very nearly dead with some insidious disease, and just as frequently he was miraculously snatched from the brink of the grave by somebody's universal cure everything. Then would go forth to the proprietor of the nostrum a gushing, grateful and gratuitous certificate that his life had been saved by his specific.

Thus he had run through courses of all manner of diseases and quack medicines, and given at least two dozen certificates, voluntarily, of having been as many times saved by as many different remedies, until he came, one day, to a confirmed, and what he called a critical case of "*Low-lung-liver-waste.*" Spaulding's Universal Pills would cure that complaint, and nothing else in this world would. So two boxes of the "Universals" were forthwith procured, and forthwith, before our friend had swallowed a pill, availing ourself of a favoring opportunity, we substituted pills of rye dough for the miraculous cure-alls, and, with half of the second box on hand, Mr. Credulous was a sounder man than he had ever been in his life.

Then burst forth my friend's ardent admiration and everlasting gratitude, in a half column certificate to Mr. Spaulding in favor of his magical "Universal." Not quite content with the enthusiasm of the first effort, Mr. Credulous determined upon a second testimonial, covering a column, and qualified under oath before a magistrate.

We begged Credulous not to do that, showed him the saved up "Universals," and convinced him that all his gratitude was due to rye dough. He was cured of all quackery and queer ideas of mortal infirmities for the balance of his life.

We have known instances where a farmer, having implicit faith in some advertised fertilizer, actually worth no more than ordinary road dust, buy of it liberally, make bountiful applications to their soil, and follow up the treatment with a thorough culture that of itself would give an extraordinary crop, and then, in their enthusiasm, give all the credit to the worthless compound, and a marvellous certificate to the manufacturer.

There are, however, mercantile manures that possess all the qualities claimed for, and are really worth the price asked for them. Among these are the phosphates if unadulterated bone dust, and plaster, if pure, and one other, which, if properly manipulated and honestly manufactured, we believe to be superior to any other sort of manure, especially for summer fertilizing, and in all instances where a quick, strong growth is desirable. This is the Pacific Ammoniated Guano—i. e., the guano from the Pacific islands other than those on the coast of Peru, and having its ammoniacal constituents chemically prepared and scientifically fixed in the guano by proper manipulation in such a manner that its influence as a fertilizer is exerted direct, and in the least possible time.

Undoubtedly for all root crops, where a quick growth, and a sweet, tender, succulent condition is the desideratum, the Ammoniated Pacific Guano is preferable to all other fertilizers, and for all truck farmers who desire to produce for the market the very best possible vegetables, the material is invaluable.

BETTER BUTTER.

Since our last remarks, calling attention in that direction, we have had our own most forcibly drawn that way by two circumstances. The first of these is a day's diet on the strongest sample of the butter persuasion we have ever made the acquaintance of. Phew! If the power could only have been directed properly, it would have tugged, against wind and tide, the heaviest craft that ever floated the Delaware.

We were paying back the visit of a friend who is making his summer sojourn at one of those first class farm-houses, the proprietors of which advertise in the Ledger—"First-class boarding at a country farm-house, terms $11 per week." And they manufacture their own butter too. Perhaps they consider the strongest article they can produce "first-class." We shall always hold our friend guiltless of any malicious intent to kill, as if after the four weeks that he had suffered that butter infliction he was incapable of appreciating the insult, his inveigling of his friend and wife thither must have been a case of unmitigated innocence.

Our opinion is that as a rule one may get infinitely better butter in the city than can be found in any "first-class country boarding-house—terms $11 per week."

Now there is no shadow of necessity for all this strong, "frowsy," slushy, nasty stuff by a long stretch of courtesy called butter that our senses of sight and smell and taste are so everlastingly cursed with. It is all a filthy, slovenly, beastly practice of butter makers. The curse of bad butter is severe enough in all conscience in any of our cities and towns, but it is tenfold multiplied in the country, unless one is so fortunate as to light always among Christians. At country first-houses where they victimize first-class city innocence at $11 per week, they supply their table with such *grease* as a beggar's apprentice would turn from in disgust, and a great many farmers make a practice of feeding themselves and hired help with such trash as will not sell at any price in the city. This brings us down to the second cause of our recurring to the butter subject again so soon.

One day last week Kate returned from New York, bringing with her what, when we first got a sight at the thing in the kitchen, we thought was a boy's sled, and a little surprised, we asked:

"Why, Kate—What now, girl—going a 'coasting' in the dog days?"

"Me, uncle?—ah—yes, I know. But why do you ask that question, sir?"

"Why, I see you have a new sled there—only I wonder you didn't buy one that was painted?"

"Well, uncle, you see I didn't buy that sled. It was a present to me—and it wouldn't do to have the sled painted, and it isn't a bit of a sled at all."

"Ah—I see now that it is not a 'coaster,' but what is it, girl?"

"I'll show you, uncle, if you'll be good, and come in here in about an hour, or when I shall call you. You'd be sure to laugh at me if I were to tell you the use of the machine without a practical illustration."

So with a promise of being good we were at length called in to see the "show." And it *is* a show in reality worth looking at. Every farmer's wife, everywhere, ought to have a copy of that show. For her own, and the benefit of community, she *must* have. We never before saw so much usefulness and simplicity combined. The little affair that we took for a sled was a neat little oblong tray, with a sort of corrugated bottom, and a lever that works in a sort of simple slides on either side like a rock shaft—a sort of fuller's "foot" on the bottom of it.

In the tray Kate had about six pounds of butter just from the churn, and was manipulating it with that reciprocating lever in the most perfect, pleasant, and delicate manner that ever an operation of that kind was performed. In about five minutes there was that six-pound lump of as beautiful butter as ever was laid out in this world, every drop of buttermilk worked out, the salt worked into it thoroughly, and all achieved without touching a hand to it.

That butter will *keep*—is better to eat than any that we ever tasted before, we will wager ten pounds of the material it will sell in any market at an advance of ten per cent. on any of the butter worked up by hand, and the job was done in one half the time and with one-fourth the labor it could have been effected by hand.

Kate has no knowledge of the origin of the machine, only that Mr. Agricultural Allen, who made her a present of it, informed her that the size she has sells for $3. It will press ten pounds of butter at one batch. No. 1, the size smaller, $2,50, good for five pounds, and No. 3, $3,50, dresses fifteen pounds. That is the extent of Kate's information in that direction, but she is ready to testify under oath that her "coaster" is the most perfect and expeditious butter dresser in this world.

For the benefit of all farmer's wives, dairy women and butter-eaters everywhere, we give all the information we have in relation to one of the most useful and most needed inventions we have ever seen. It is not much, we know. Only what we copy from a card burnt into the counter—

American Butter Worker—Patented March 21st, 1865. L. Barrett, Newburyport, Mass.

Take our advice all butter makers, everywhere, hunt up the machine, and by all means buy it and give us good, sweet butter, and save money yourselves.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Madeline's Kitchen Cabinet.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"I must say, Madam Mattie"—somehow all my neighbors soon grow into the habit of familiarizing me down into *Mattie* and Maddie. Not that I object to it, further than a pert little Miss, not up to my belt buckle in stature, this moment says—

"*Mattie*, mam wants to borrow your China tea pot, 'cause she's got company, and a drawin' of your "Imperial"—cause Arthur he's been and knocked the spout off of ours, and mam wants your new scissors to cut up a lot of old trowsers into carpet rags, and two or three pounds of cream-tartar and a spoonful of flour to make some cake for tea, and two tumblers of that are jelly you made yesterday, and a plate of butter, ours aint fit for company, and a—"

"Jennie, have you brought a hand-cart and a man along?"

"Why, no, mam; but I can carry all the things mam wants."

"I'm afraid not to-day, child; besides, run right home and ask your mother if she remembers that there are twenty-three things she has borrowed of me and not returned, and that she lives a good deal nearer the market and stores than I do."

I was vexed and out of patience with that borrowing budget, and the interruption just when Mrs. Careless was beginning to say something that would probably be very interesting, and I thought my neighbor, Mrs. Evershort, whose husband's income assessment quadrupled that of mine, and who paid $43 for that last triangular fashionable folly that she calls her summer bonnet, and I thought perhaps my over neighborly neighbor would take the hint and buy her material, instead of everlastingly borrowing from me, which in the majority of instances just amounts to downright begging, and nothing more.

"Now, Mrs. Careless, please proceed with what you were going to say."

"Yes. Well, I was going to observe that I think you a trifle eccentric."

"Because, I suppose, I do not move unceasingly round and round the circle of my acquaintances, instead of remaining a reasonable portion of the time at home regulating my domestic affairs by the square rule."

That hint touched, but did not strike in seriously. Gentle hints seldom do upon persons in the habit of spending five days out of every seven gossiping among their neighbors. Just a trifle Mrs. Careless reddened.

"I was alluding to your notions of kitchen economy, and cooking especially—always conjuring up some unheard-of dish—"

"Generally cheap, and I think you appreciate them, Mrs. Careless." I was as amiable as a butcher knife that afternoon, and felt like cutting some one. The fact is, Mrs. Careless was in the habit of taking tea with me twice a week on an average.

"Yes, I confess I do like your inventions."

"Well, I have a new one to submit to your criticism—something invented since tomatoes came into the market this summer. I have christened it a—

TOMATO CHEESE.

It is a nice, neat dish for luncheon, a nice relish at tea time. I really hope, Mrs. Careless, that you and a great many other housekeepers will learn to make it, as it is cheap and good, and I am confident will keep the year round.

I take a dozen large, ripe, smooth tomatoes, scald, and remove the skin, then thoroughly mix them, after cutting into slices, with a pound of sweet dried beef, shaved as thin as tissue paper. Put in with the tomatoes and beef the sweet white curd from a quart of milk, season with pepper and ground cloves, put the whole into a stout bag of loosely woven linen, and after kneading and manipulating until all the ingredients are perfectly incorporated, I first squeeze out every drop of liquid I can force through the cloth. Then I place the material in a "hoop" that I improvised out of a round wooden spice box, by knocking out the bottom and cutting in one edge four little notches as vents for the escape of any juice that may remain. I place the removed bottom on top of the mass as a "follower," and—well, I use my husband's *copying press* for my cheese press. It performs admirably, but any convenient heavy weight applied to the top will answer all purposes. Press twenty-four hours, and put by in a cool, dry place. For use, shave off in thin slices. Such a cheese *ought* to last such a family as ours, Mrs. Careless, ten days at least, but I don't suppose it will average more than a week *in this neighborhood*.

Mrs. Careless stayed to tea notwithstanding, and declared my cheese was "elegant."

BEAN SOUP.

Vulgar—horridly vulgar, I know, conventionally. Nevertheless, as beans are wholesome, convenient, cheap, compared with the majority of our table luxuries, and contain, next to peas, more valuable material than any other vegetable we bring to the table, if we would but practice on really *good* bean soup ten times oftener than we do, we should be healthier and richer.

For a family of six, a pint of dry white beans and a pound of fat salt pork is the standard. Put the beans to soak in a gallon of soft water, ten hours before they are to be cooked. Four hours before dinner time parboil the pork and beans separately twenty minutes. Then cut the pork into four equal parts, and boil beans and pork together briskly two hours, or until there is no whole bean to be found in the pot. Then set back on the stove to simmer slowly the balance of the time till dinner is to be served. Crumb in crusts of dry bread, season with pepper, and, if you like onions, slice in two moderate sized ones a quarter of an hour before the soup is taken from the fire. Soup made thus is improved every time it is reheated, until exhausted.

JUDGING from her likeness, painted by her papa, it is evident that Titian's fat daughter, Mary, was a great *Polly-Titian*.

THE RIDDLER.

Biblical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 12, 5, 10, 24, 16, 25, 3, was the subject of one of Christ's parables.

My 8, 18, 20, 15, 14, 26, was one of the prophets.

My 13, 5, 15, 4, 21, 7, was a ruler of the synagogue.

My 16, 1, 13, 11, 2, 9, is a book of the New Testament.

My 1, 4, 24, 17, 7, is a book of the New Testament.

My 2, 25, 26, 11, 19, was a king of Israel.

My 22, 6, 15, 21, 7, was one of Paul's travelling companions.

My 13, 21, 19, 2, is a book of the New Testament.

My whole was one of the miracles performed by our Saviour. GARMEW.

Tullahoma, Tenn.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 17, 2, 23, is a domestic animal.

My 9, 18, 5, 12, is a very useful article.

My 1, 22, 3, 11, 13, 20, 7, 15, is sometimes necessary, but seldom agreeable.

My 10, 21, 8, 4, is part of the human frame.

My 17, 14, 6, 16, is part of the human face.

My 19, 4, 15, is an insect.

My whole is a very useful column in THE POST. B. T. E.

Kenton, O.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is wing, but not in plume,
My 2d is in parlor, but not in room;
My 3d is in leap, but not in run,
My 4th is in laugh, but not in fun.
My 5th is in hope, but not in wait,
My 6th is in stile, but not in gate;
My 7th is in smooth, but not in fine,
My 8th is in ale, but not in wine.
My 9th is in vanquished, but not in slain,
My 10th is in anguish, but not in pain,
My 11th in shower, but not in rain.
My whole in hardship, chains and wrath,
Is doom'd to tread a toilsome path;
And harden'd sinners shrink away,
Fearing to be what I portray.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oft in weakness, pain and suffering,
When hope from anxious hearts recede,
My first is deemed a precious offering,
My second proved a friend in need.
On Southern fields, where Northern sons
Have for their country nobly bled,
We have roused the sinking patriot,
We have raised his drooping head.
A friend in need—but oft indeed—
Perverted is our use.
When foremost in the ranks of crime,
Of suffering and abuse,
Too oft, alas!—are we transformed—
From friend to bitterest foe—
We lead the hapless victim on
To misery and woe.
My whole is a beauteous classic stream,
Which through our Maker's bounty,
Moistens the hills and lovely vales
Of good old Chester county.

West Chester, Pa. R. H. WALTER.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find what part of a globe being 10 feet in diameter can be seen by a squirrel standing on the globe, with his eye 6 inches above the surface of the globe; also, what is the distance from the point on which he stands to the most distant point on the globe seen by the squirrel? MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

John Smith has a hogshead of wine, containing one hundred gallons. From a tap at the bottom it will discharge one gallon per minute. At the same time there is let in at the top one gallon of water per minute. Now, supposing the water to be mixed perfectly with the wine as soon as it enters the hogshead, and the *wine* to be running *into* the hogshead and the water to be running out at the same time; it is required to find how much *pure* wine will remain in the hogsheads after they have both been running 100 minutes. M. VAN BUREN.

Kenosha, Wis.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why does a person that is poorly, lose much of his sense of touch? Ans.—Because he don't feel well.

☞ Why does a cabman think it a fine day when it rains hard? Ans.—Because he considers it fare weather.

☞ Why is it vulgar to send a telegram? Ans.—Because it is making use of flash language.

☞ Why is a photographic album like the drainer on a bar-counter? Ans.—Because it is often a receptacle for empty mugs.

☞ Why is a petroleum dealer like an epicure? Ans.—Because he lives on the fat of the land.

Answers to Last.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—"Faint heart never won fair lady." CHARADE—Brooklyn. (Brook—a stream. Lyn—a cataract.) RIDDLE—Letter O.

David Wickersham, Clinton county, Ohio, says "he does not remember seeing the answer to a problem by Reuben Berto, published October 29th, 1864." It is 10.89066 in. Answer to Morgan Stevens, June 3d—16, 18, D. Diefenback, W. J. Barrett, and M. S.

☞ One of the latest inventions for which a patent has been taken out is that of shaking carpets by steam.